

Silence & Rhythm Number

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Rhythm Work in the New Jersey School for Deaf



CONSIDERABLE amount of discussion has arisen as to the worth while-ness of the work in musical rhythm in schools for the deaf. As this school is one of those in which the work has recently been taken up, it may be of interest to the readers of this paper to know what our experiences have been and our resultant impressions.

Last Fall in connection with our military instruction, which was then being started, we stocked up with drums to be used as the nucleus of a future military band, such as Fanwood has had for years, and at the same time we purchased a piano, one of the old style grand pianos, as being especially adapted for the purpose, and classes in musical rhythm aiming at better voice control were organized among our younger pupils. Let us begin with the drums. From the very first moment a surprisingly encouraging symptom made itself evident to the naked eye. The pupils liked drum music! The boys, big and little, clamored and almost fought for the honor of being a drummer. As there were only two drums the honors had to be divided around from time to time in a more or less regular rotation to keep the peace. Not only for the drills and for getting-up signals, fire drill signals, etc., but for dance music at parties and, in fact, for entertainment almost any time the drums are called into requisition and beaten lustily till their poor ribs must ache.

When our "orchestra" of drums starts up at one of the Saturday evening parties, you should see the circle of youngsters that gather round and fairly gorge themselves like gluttons with the vibrations. "Do they hear the drums?" Oh nonsense, what a question! They feel it in every bone and muscle and fiber of their beings, no matter whether they have a vestige of an auditory nerve left or not. Try it for yourself, no matter if your ears are perfect. Just imagine yourself deaf for the moment and stand close by while a good bass drum is beaten lustily by one of our boys or some one else as competent. You will feel your shin bones rattle and shiver almost as if an infant earth-quake had started up under them, your diaphragm will quite noticeably plunge up and down in perfect tune with the drum vibrations and with whatever you may eat at your last meal, you will, in short, just get innumerable thrills which you have always been ascribing to your ears hitherto but not a third of which belong there.

So much for the pleasure drum vibrations give deaf children. Now for their value. They enable marchers, when near enough to be within reach of their influence and after proper training, to keep almost perfect time and step. Dancing couples scattered all about a floor have in the

drums a real bond of unity. These dancers will pause with a look as if of bewilderment almost the instant the drummers stop for lack of breath, and with few exceptions the couples refuse absolutely to go on until the drums start up again and put them at ease on their toes.

children asleep or awake, that is, when they are in a room. The old style handkerchief-flag signal is not to be compared, except that, of course, it can be used better out of doors and at longer range than drum vibrations can be made effective.

As to the musical rhythm value of drum beats, it is a gross rhythm and gross form of music certainly, but that very fact gives its chief value in approaching the deaf with the idea of rhythm at all. Even the simple "tum tum tum-ty-tum" of the ordinary marching beat is often the first vague message to the deaf child's soul that there is such a thing as rhythm and time and symmetry and poetry of motion. It is just the "massage," as Principal Currier calls it, that the child's dormant but hungry little being needs to waken in him the first crude conception of the great idea. Some day as a result of yearnings thus vaguely aroused, the little soul will spring to meet the rhythm of those notes with answering inner vibrations, and he will then rise to appreciation of higher, more delicate calls.

When the piano was taken up with our pupils the work was somewhat of an experimental nature at first and is yet to some extent. We believed as a result of observation and study of the methods and accomplishments of certain other schools as to the use of the piano for rhythm, notably at Fanwood, that the voices of our pupils could be better controlled and modulated and at the same time they could be led to greater pleasure in the use of their voices by applying the same means here, but just how much of all this was theory and how much was fact we were unprepared at that time to pass judgment. Our experience here has been as follows:

About half a dozen classes of our pupils were sent twenty minutes to half an hour in turn to the piano room and given "music lessons" daily. It happened that none of our teachers had been specially trained for this particular work but a number of them were much interested in it and one, who had had a little experience in it at another school, was assigned the responsibility of organizing the classes and arranging the schedules.

In our short experience in using the piano for voice culture we have found that the children take much more interest in speech when accompanied by the piano. Whereas formerly constant drilling on words and combinations became very monotonous to both pupil and teacher, now, when these same words and combinations are accompanied by the piano, the children feeling the vibrations, better results are accomplished and in a more pleasing way.

Naturally a greater fluency of speech is obtained and a child with a weak voice is forced to give

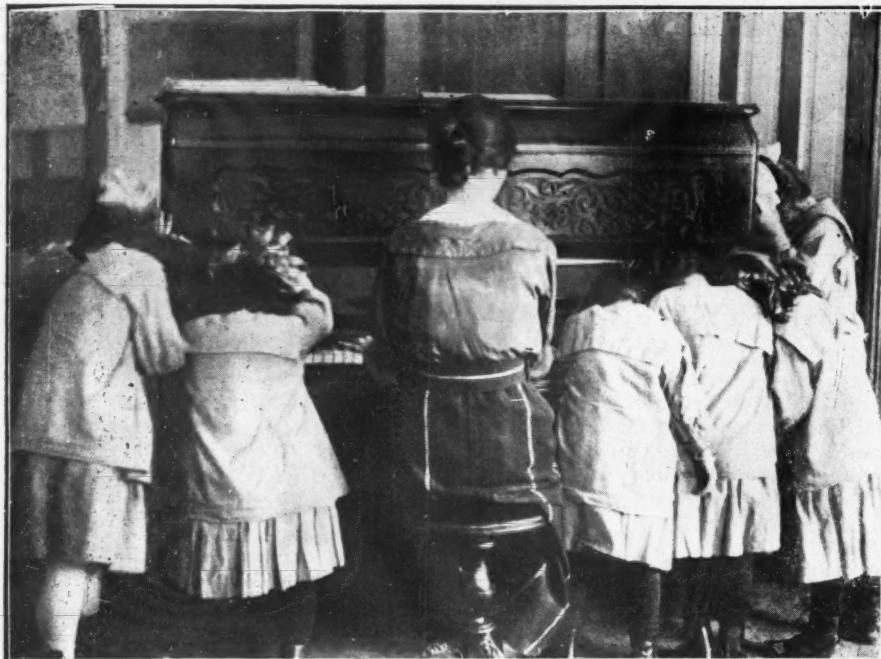


OUR DRUM CORPS

"I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't"

isn't true at all any more when the drum corps marches through our dormitories at 6 A. M. Almost every boy bounces out of bed the instant the first long roll of the kettle-drum is heard and for the occasional sleepy-head who is not so affected a few sound thwacks on the bass drum held close to his head suffice first to make him imagine he is having a very bad dream and second to wake him suddenly out of it to a realization of what a hard cold world this is.

The same can be said as to their efficacy when the drums are used to signal a fire drill at unexpected times in the night. We believe there is nothing better than drum signals to call deaf



A Class in Rhythm at the Piano—The New Jersey School for the Deaf

greater volume. Of course the first essential is a good foundation of well formed sounds.

We have used the piano as a means of aiding the children to change the pitch of their voices. They feel the difference in vibration of high, low and middle tones on the piano. For example, we teach the child to say, "How do you do?" raising his voice on the last syllable as is natural with hearing people. Gradually the child is taught to sing the scale.

Besides using the piano for speech work we have used it for rhythm work. Deaf children feeling the vibrations when a march or waltz is played will naturally begin beating time with their hands or making some sort of motion keeping time. We find rhythm much more developed in some children than others. With the aid of the piano we have played quite a few kindergarten games—in some cases the children speaking the words as well as playing. We beat time for waltzes, marches and folk dances.

When the children march or dance at a distance from the piano we have found the drum, accompanying the piano, of great use, as the vibration is more easily felt. In a game, such as "Going to Jerusalem," when the children would formerly have to look for the wave of a handkerchief, it is much more fun marching around the chairs to the beat of the drum and stopping when it stops.

We feel that we have only touched slightly some of the great things that can be done with the piano, but we know from the little that we have done that the children like it and get a great deal of enjoyment out of it.

MUSICAL VIBRATIONS AS AN AID IN DEVELOPING THE VOICES OF THE DEAF

By Lena Herschleifer—A Fanwood Pupil

We, the deaf, are often asked if we hear the tones of the piano or the voices of people. We don't hear sound vibrations, we only feel the thrill of the music—but hearing persons appear not to understand our sense of feeling.

Sometimes we happen to feel some great sound which makes us start, and people think we hear it.

We can feel the vibrations pass from our feet to our head when the piano is played or a person is singing or if we hold a paper or sit at a distance.

In the process of hearing the vibrations of air pass toward the ear, but the deaf only feel the waves of sound, which move through the sensory nerves from feet to head. Hearing people also feel these vibrations, but they never think of them.

I. We must have plenty of fresh air, correct position, and breath control.

II. Correct articulation.

III. We must learn the notes and scales.

Before we practice these rules we always have breathing and tongue gymnastic exercises, with the windows open to let the air in. This helps make our voices flexible.

Many of the patriotic songs have become popular with us, as well as the latest popular songs.

Helen Keller, the renowned blind and deaf woman, can run the scale well, and she sings French, German, and English songs. Here our Fanwood boys can sing the "Watch on the Rhine" in German.

It seems evident in this generation that the deaf are progressing by feeling the vibrations of music.

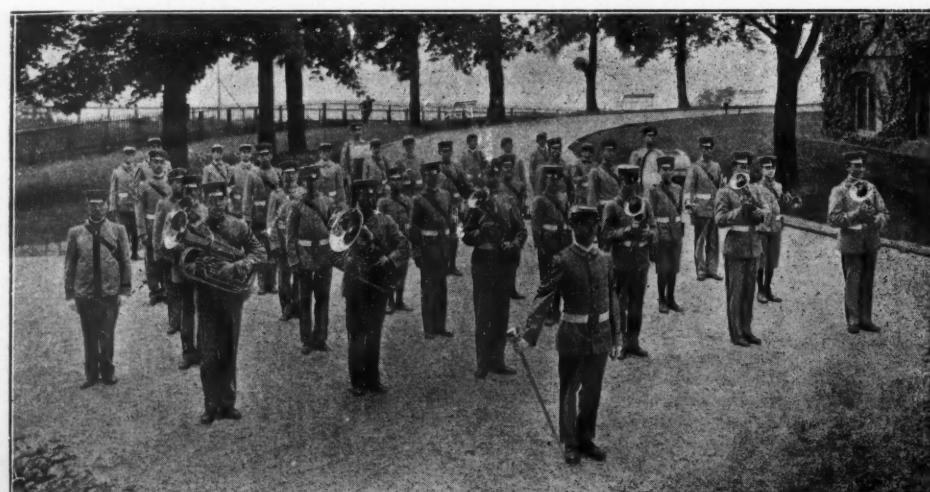
May God grant the power of song to future generations if they have sufficient energy and time, because where there is a will there is a way.

MUSICAL VIBRATIONS FOR THE DEAF

Extracts from an article by Sarah Harvey Porter in the *Annals*

Again teachers of the deaf may lead in a new educational movement of prime psychological importance. Articulation teachers have for some years claimed, with much reason probably, that brain development is stimulated by calling the organs of speech into play. In this year of grace, 1912, on the right bank of the Hudson, in the great, liberal State of New York, in handsome, perfectly equipped buildings, surrounded by attractive grounds and beautiful scenery, five hundred deaf boys and girls daily, and literally, "attune their lives to Rhythm."

In almost every class exercise in every schoolroom of the New York Institution for the Deaf, eye rhythm, ear rhythm, and motion rhythm are utilized as aids to instruction. Above all, use is made of musical rhythm. These children get up in the morning to the call of fife and drum; march to their meals and to school in perfect step and time, heads erect, eyes straight forward, clear and happy, to the rhythmic vibrations of as good a band as one is often privileged to hear, in spite of the astounding fact that every player is either partially or wholly deaf. When, as often happens, the school band is invited to participate in high-grade concerts given by hearing musicians in New York City, the smallest tot of Fanwood is proud of the honor; at the annual military drill (a sight worth going far to see) when each company is rigidly inspected by a Brevet-Major-General and his staff, every young heart of the five hundred members of the school beats unevenly from anxiety and pride until the severe ordeal is over. Class spirit is rife but school spirit is stronger, for after the prizes are awarded heartburnings cease. Congratulations to the victors from the unsuccessful are as genuine as they are courteous. All rejoice (I make this assertion on confidential talks with the pupils directly after the drill last May) that the honor of the school has been sustained.



"Deaf Band," Composed of Pupils of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf



Our "Orchestra," As Frequently Seen at Saturday Night Parties

In short, the individual upholds the state—not a bad annual lesson in democracy, that, for five hundred "little citizens," mostly of old-world parentage, who, boys and girls alike, will, perhaps, before many years, cast their votes for civic righteousness.

Each state school has its own paramount and peculiar problem to meet and grapple with. New York City's East Side is, largely, the problem of the Institution at Fanwood. Bred in flesh and bone and soul of the foreign children, by generations of monarchial traditions, is respect for a uniform as the symbol of external authority. It was, therefore, a stroke of genius for Mr. Currier to turn the Institution into a military school, the only military school for the deaf in the world, soon after his accession as Principal in 1893.

Even the most anti-militant among us, those of us who wish fervently that all guns, unloaded of course, might remain forever in peaceful academic precincts, even we must admit that a well-conducted military school makes on the whole for physical health, neatness, good manners, mental alertness, self-control, respect for law, grit, courage—and, above all, for the ruling faculty in education and in life—attention. The system at Fanwood includes merit promotions which, inciting ambition, make boys rule themselves largely. "Military repression" is a popular cant phrase. At Fanwood, at least, there is far less suppression of the individuality of each pupil than in the average large grammar school for the hearing. External slouchiness, unquestionably, does make for mental slouchiness. Paradoxically, self-control over the muscles frees the mind.

But Mr. Currier soon found that military evolutions without the accompaniment of vibratory rhythm lacked spirit. His all too modest account of the introduction of music into his school for the deaf is illuminating in many ways. The italics are mine. Mr. Currier writes:

In regard to the beginning of the musical vibratory training, about which you ask, *thirty-five or thirty-six years ago*. I began to inquire why a deaf boy should enjoy beating against a wall or any other solid with a club and, after inquiring of the individuals, learned that the resultant sensations gave pleasure and enlivened the body. From the varied testimony, I concluded it was a factor which could be used to advantage in stimulating the deaf to greater activity.

With the military organization, the solemn character of the various ceremonies without music led me to attempt the introduction of the drum. I found that the marching and manual-of-arms improved very much when we were hurling sound waves against the battalions. It was the evolution of the wall and the stick.

One day, noticing a boy blowing into a hollow key and thus producing a shrill note, it occurred to me that, if that were possible, with instruction fifes might be added to the drums, and that we might

have a complete drum and fife corps, with the added value of a different sound-producing instrument. After some little practice we developed a number of fifers who, with the drummers, gave us most satisfactory accompaniment to the military ceremonies.

The question of keyless bugles was brought to my attention by the performance of a band from Canada who were present at a military tournament in which our cadets were taking part. The tone evolved seemed to me to be of value in stimulating the deaf, and I secured the services of a bugler of one of the regiments of the National Guard to assist me in experimenting along these lines. I found that, on placing the mouth of the bugle about eighteen inches from the shoulder blades of the pupils, it was possible to secure imitation of the tone and, by practice, to secure increased sensitiveness to sound-waves. From the bugle I attempted the cornet with such success that we abandoned the bugle and used this latter instrument in its stead.

After some years, I determined that I would introduce the other instruments, in order to secure a more satisfactory production in various harmonious tones. The bandmaster said that would be impossible, as the deaf could never get the after beat. I insisted, however, that trial be made and, much to his surprise and my delight, I found that the deaf took as naturally to the after beat as though they were hearing. In fact, they did better than the hearing pupils of the same experience and age.

The band performed most satisfactorily to the listener, the phrasing and time being absolutely perfect. The pupils enjoyed the music and, as you will see from the chart, the various sensations about which you ask are gained. They want to practice, which is not generally the case with hearing children.

The recent use of harmonious waves by the medical profession in England for ameliorating the conditions imposed by paralysis strengthens me in the belief that the musical instruction is more important as an educational factor for the deaf child than it is for the hearing. I love music. It thrills me, and my experience with the deaf teaches me that they, too, love music and that it thrills them. To the doubters of the philosophy of this procedure I have only to say, "Come and see," or rather, "Come and hear."

The field music-corps consists of six fifes, six drums, and a bass drum. In the band are sixteen pieces: five B-flat cornets, three E-flat alto horns, one B-flat tenor, one B-flat baritone, two E-flat basses, one trombone, one snare-drum, one pair of cymbals, and one bass drum. The repertoire, at present, includes 185 selections. The band-master, Mr. Michael Mehling, deserves the greatest credit for his excellent work, as does also Major William H. Van Tassel, in charge of the military evolutions. This band at Fanwood not only likes to practice, but its members often ask to be allowed to play out of regular season. Never on the drill ground does the band play without a large hearing audience leaning over the surrounding fences to listen, not because of the novelty of a deaf band but for the sake of unquestionably good music.

"But many members of the band have some hearing," cry the critics. Well, what of that? So much the better, in fact, since the accompanying charts show that in nearly every case where, in the beginning, latent or already developed hearing existed, a decided increase in aural power has resulted from musical practice, while the enjoyment of the totally deaf in the vibrations produced by the musical instruments is great and genuine. During a week spent at Fanwood I talked much (wholly unhampered by the presence of officers or teachers) with many pupils of all grades on this subject. I had no theory of my own to try to substantiate. I sought the truth only, and no experienced teacher lives who does not know when children are saying what they think somebody else may want them to say, and when they are speaking from the heart. I am convinced that practically all the pupils of the New York school enjoy and profit educationally by the musical vibrations there used. If any member of that remarkable band had full hearing, its maintenance would still be well worth while because of its effect on the other pupils of the school without appreciable hearing. After all, perhaps the best lesson taught by wireless telegraphy and kindred seeming marvels is intellectual intolerance. The day may come, some of us believe it will come, when hearing brass bands may be employed in schools for the deaf.

It is high time that we teachers of the deaf should drop our apologetic attitude toward the public and our more than apologetic, our meaching attitude toward each other for harboring in our schools children who are not totally deaf.

"He can hear in one ear" might be, actually, a term of reproach, used, as it often seems to be used, to belittle the teacher's frequently herculean labors for such a child. The antithetical phrase, "Oh, his hearing does not help him any," is even more mischievous and misleading, for if even the slightest trace of hearing is not made by the policy of the school to "help" its oppressors, then, in plain English, that school has no right to receive state funds. In view of the fact that every school for the deaf does, and must necessarily, include many pupils who hear in varying degrees, the rise of this curious deprecatory pedagogical attitude becomes rather an interesting minor psychological problem. Possibly the pious benefactors who, in the early days, paid the bills, felt they were not getting their money's worth unless the objects of their bounty were all true to name—deaf and dumb.

It has been the glory of the New York Institution for ninety-three years that it has continuously, and well, given aural training an important place in its curriculum. Much was done under the Peets. Much has been accomplished in this direction by Mr. Currier, who, very early in his career, invented a most excellent hearing tube and who never fails to keep abreast with all modern acoustic science, trying in turn every new invention which claims to give aid in hearing. The band of to-day, about which so much talk is being made, is, after all, only the present apex of success in the school's aural endeavor. Had all other schools in the United States followed the example thus set by New York in aural training, many men and women, once pupils in schools for the deaf, would to-day be rejoicing that, in childhood, their precious remnant of hearing was not allowed to lapse into uselessness.

Just a word concerning some of the points I have italicized in Mr. Currier's letter. We see that there was no haste, no hue and cry of achievement for advertising purposes, as has sometimes been charged by persons too ignorant or too lazy to want to understand this important movement. "Thirty-five or thirty-six years ago" came the germ of the idea which is still developing in the brain of a sane, daring, energetic man with enthusiastic faith enough to remove mountains of difficulty and prejudice.

"I observed," "I noticed that," "It occurred to me," "I inquired,"—the phrases of the true scientist, these. The inception of this method was as simple as Watt's observation of the homely kettle and its puffing steam. It would seem as if any one of us might have thought of this possibility, but—we didn't.

THE SILENT WORKER

Probably my own experience in failing utterly to realize what harmonious musical vibrations might mean educationally to my deaf pupils is not isolated:

A few days after Christmas, more than a quarter of a century ago, I presented to a very bright boy, wholly and congenitally deaf, a trumpet gay with red, gilt, and green. The only disadvantage of this rather costly toy was its stubborn refusal to perform the natural function of a trumpet—to emit sound. But this mirthness, I assured the little hearing donor from whom I wheedled the gift, could make no possible difference to a deaf boy, while, I congratulated myself inwardly, it would make a decided and most comforting difference to the deaf child's teacher whose windows overlooked the play-ground.

Frank seized the trumpet joyfully, blew into it, looked puzzled and disappointed, made two further fruitless attempts; then, exclaiming with a distinctness which would have much gratified his articulation teacher, "No good! Cheat!" threw the instrument over a fence with all the force his sturdy little arm could muster. Turning angrily, he flashed upon me from his black eyes a look of scorn, repeated the word "Cheat!" and walked away, as one who turns his back upon a betrayer. I was sorry, but—I was also blind and stupid.

Many years later, my adopted little daughter, visiting with me at the home of a relative of mine, would whisper to me each morning: "Do you think aunt Nellie will let me play the piano to-day?"

Knowing that the child was totally deaf, I supposed that her very great pleasure in drumming on a piano came from a play spirit of imitation. Again I was blind and stupid.

When a dancing teacher told me that her deaf pupils kept better time than those who heard I considered the statement a bid for patronage.

When visitors, passing through our college chapel, asked "Where is your organ?" I almost laughed in their faces at the ridiculousness of the question, usually followed by its twin query: "Do you use raised letters?" which, by the way, may yet be found valuable in securing touch rhythmical vibrations.

When Dr. Bell advocated, for purposes of analysis, allowing a deaf child to continue, for a while, a habit of making in his throat a favorite sound, with regular intervals between the moaning grunts, I felt that the Humane Society should be called in to save the teacher from death by nervous prostration. In short, I confess to having spent a large part of my schoolma'am life in resenting and suppressing natural rhythmic tendencies of my pupils—tapping with pencils, swaying, rocking, drumming with feet or hands, successive bumpings against walls, etc. Other experienced teachers with whom I talked admit a similar attitude. We were all blind and stupid together, perhaps.

In an admirable sketch of the late Convention at Delavan, Mr. F. K. Noyes, editor of the *Volta Review*, says that the salient feature of that meeting was "tolerant good-humor which carried with it all its implications of harmony, mutual understanding, good will, and peace."

Now, while the dove of peace continues to hover over our respective camps, why can we not, regardless of preferred systems, all unite in a serious study of this subject of Musical Vibratory Massage for the

Deaf? In a universe made of *waves*, sooner or later the deaf will surely enter into conscious relationship with the ruling cosmic force, rhythmic motion. Why should not we American teachers of the deaf seek to leave behind us records showing that

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that Silent sea?"

No easy task is set us here. Hard study, much of it in a little trodden field—the psychology of deafness and the still more mysterious realm, brain transformation of vibratory sensations into consciousness; gradual accumulation of tons of data, much of it, inevitably, after laborious sifting, to be thrown out as chaff; securing in our study the aid and interest of trained experts whose knowledge and skill are not easily procured for side lines like this; keeping ever in mind the question of future genuine practical benefit to the deaf from our best results; difficulties and obstacles almost without end, from lack of funds to lack of brains, or vice versa; perhaps, since in these days of pure "business administration" funds seem to count for considerably more than brains in general education ruled by politics. But our profession, still cherishing the memory of its scholarly founders and its earlier teachers, has nobler traditions. We can not quite believe that the day will ever come when any of the heads of schools for the deaf will really believe that their ability to screw expenses down to the lowest possible point is of more importance than their attitude toward furnishing to their charges thought power—the bread of life.

The Burial Place of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet

The cool breeze blows above him, softly
rustling
The leaves of shrub and tree, which
softly sigh,
Or sing to him, whose fame mounts to
the sky;
And welcome summer sunshine softly
hushing
The sounds that come when even's
shadow creeps.
The night comes on, with countless
stars shining
Like tapers tall, to guard him while he
sleeps,
In sweet repose; their deepest vigil
keeps;
The iris with bowed heads as though
repining,
Reflecting in the mirror lake near by,
While rosy dawn each day the darkness
sweeps.
No marble shaft pierces the soft blue
sky,
In silent majesty, to catch the eye.

He needs not this, for his immortal fame
Shall live while still the hearts of men shall beat;
He needs no stone to mark his hallowed name,
Borne by the breeze which blows o'er waters, sweet,
O'er mount and vale; and echoes shall repeat
That honored name which was not born to die,
Though time on winged heels shall swiftly fly.
And old Earth seems to know the sacred urn,
She holds in trust within her lowly bed,
Until the time the Master shall return;
The oaks about his grave their acorns shed:
And leaves in varied colors, gold and red
Are gathered by the winds to crown his grave;
And winter sheds her blanket snowy white,
Pure as the noble life to us he gave,
Thru the dear might of Him that walked the wave
And led the way from darkness into light.

EDWARD E. RAGNA.

NE of the events during the coming Hartford celebration will be a pilgrimage to the grave of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in Cedar Hill Cemetery on the southern outskirts of the city of Hartford. It would be well to say a few words about the cemetery so that those who expect to be in Hartford will know what to expect to see.



THE GRAVE OF GALLAUDET

Cedar Hill Cemetery is the most beautiful and the most exclusive cemetery in Hartford. It is situated in a most beautiful piece of New England scenery. It is just across from the entrance of Goodwin Park, which is situated on a hill commanding superb views. The park also has a pavilion where one may rest and enjoy the scenery of the lake and mountains. The entrance to Cedar Hill Cemetery has a tall iron gate with two small artistic granite buildings on each side, one being a chapel. A beautiful driveway extends from the gate down a gentle hill, across a rustic bridge which stretches across a very picturesque pond. The driveway is lined with Norway maples and is well kept, in fact, the whole cemetery is as well kept as are the estates of the wealthy.

On one side is a brook which leads up to a large beautiful lake on one side of the driveway, with its banks lined with trees and shrubs. The burial plots begin on a hill at the end of the long driveway. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's grave is to the left of the driveway, on the slope stretching to the lake. His grave is marked by a slab lying flat on the earth, and in the center of the

burial plot is a small monument about four feet high, surmounted by a vase. There is nothing that would indicate that a man who has his name carved on the walls of the Congressional Library in Washington was lying there. Around him are tall and superb monuments, and one who loves sculpture will find much to interest him. There are pyramids, mausoleums, tall columns; statues in bronze and marble; but what impresses me most is two huge balls of polished marble, each on a pedestal. It is remarkable that one can make such perfectly round globes, and I believe that not the least part of the task was the work of mounting them.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet finds fitting company in Cedar Hill Cemetery with great men,—statesmen, generals, scientists and inventors. Among the generals of the Civil War are Generals Hawley and Stedman for whom Fort Stedman at the siege of Petersburg was named. Among the bankers may be named John Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker who died in 1913, and many other bankers who are buried in the mausoleums on the brow of the hill.

Horace Wells, the discoverer of anaesthesia or chloroform is buried here; his grave being marked with two bronze tablets showing an angel offering a cup to drink, with the words, "There shall be no pain." Charles Dudley Warner is one of the writers buried here.

The Cedar Mountains are west of the cemetery and all around are farms. Fields of waving corn grow near by, as if to impress us with the fact that there is life in the soil in which the dead are buried. The quietness of the whole scene is impressive, and nothing soothes the spirit and gives such solemn and quiet confidence. The breeze blowing through the corn and the trees and shrubs is cool and gratifying. The whole scene so quiet and beautiful, seems to impress more deeply the lines in Bryant's "Thanatopsis"—

But the beauty and quietness of the place is such that it comforts us, and makes us feel the truth in the lines,—

"Yet a few more days, and thou
The all beholding sun will see no more."

REPRESENTATIVE DEAF OF NEW JERSEY

(Continued)
PHILIP HOENIG

IT WAS during the year of the great blizzard, to be more exact, on the 2nd of December, 1887, that Philip Hoenig was born, and, as has been the case with so many of New Jersey's well-known deaf, Newark was the place of his birth. It was a time of rapid growth to that city, and "growing with its growth", at four, the subject of our sketch was a strapping boy. At this time, however, he met with an accident that changed the whole course of his life. While



PHILIP HOENIG

playing with a little comrade, he was thrown from his wagon, sustaining injuries that finally resulted in his total deafness. When he reached nine years of age, failing speech and growing wilfulness made it evident that he should have special training and he was placed at the Lexington Ave. School for the Deaf. His new surroundings were a source of great happiness to him, and his improvement, in every way, was very rapid. He quickly regained his speech, acquired a knowledge of the branches there taught, and developed physically in such a way that he became the champion wrestler of the school. The habits of industry, cleanliness and right living instilled here, also, were a world of help of him, and to these he is indebted for the health and strength he now possesses. He took up cabinet-making as his trade, and, when he left school, was a skilled workman. With his preparation, he had little trouble in securing work, and he has been engaged with Spangler Bros., of Newark ever since. His progress has been rapid and his prospects are of the best. He keeps in close touch with the deaf of his city and his influence among them is all for good. He has held, with honor the position of President of the New Jersey Society for the Deaf, Vice President of Newark Division, No. 42, and a member of the Clark Club of New York. Full of the fire of youth, handsome in appearance, suave and pleasing in manner, a valued aid in all social and literary affairs, he is much sought by the older as well as the younger sets and is withal a citizen of whom Newark may well be proud.

"Thou go not like the galley slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust—"

Those who visit Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's grave are bound to enjoy the pleasant trip through

beautiful New England scenery, and will see the graves of the young and the old; the high and the low; and the famous and the unknown.

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.
EDWARD E. RAGNA.

JOHN B. WARD

No reference to the eminent deaf of our state would be complete without a sketch of John B. Ward, of Newark. His life has been as the sunny, summer stream, and yet he has poured an under-current of good into the life of the deaf of his native city that has made him one of the most looked-up-to of all the master minds among them. Newark was the city of his nativity and sturdy English ancestors gave him the thews that have made him one of the strong men, physically and intellectually, of the large coterie of the deaf that reside in Essex Co.

At the age of five he was a boy of unusual brightness and with every faculty perfect; but he was one of the victims of the epidemic of scarlet fever that prevailed in Newark at that time, and emerged from it bereft of hearing. His speech remained and was carefully nurtured and cultivated and today he is one of the best "talkers" and lip-readers in the state. He had the wisdom to appreciate the opportunity afforded by his school-days at Trenton and he left them with an excellent education on all lines, including splendid mechanical skill. Owing to this he found deafness but a slight handicap in the business world. His salary has always compared favorably with those of the speaking men around him, and where especial mechanical skill has been needed, he frequently has been the one selected to exercise it. He, at present, holds a responsible position with Whitehead, Hoag & Co., the largest badge and button makers in the world. Some years ago, Mr. Ward was married to Miss Florence Menow, whose father was a member of the Paterson Locomotive Corporation, and who, like her husband, was a graduate of the Trenton School. Two bright children have blessed the union. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are among the best educated deaf citizens of our state and there are few subjects upon which they are not well informed and can not talk intelligently. They are prominent at all social gatherings of the deaf and are bright, particular members of the Newark colony.

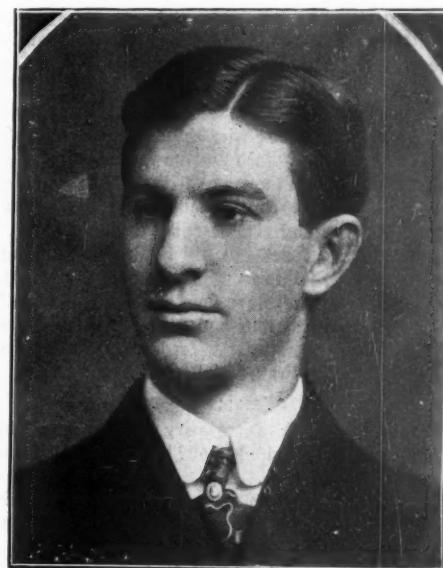
ALEXANDER D. SALMON

Alexander Salmon had the great good fortune to be born and "brought up" on a farm, his father, at the time of his birth, being the happy possessor of an estate in "woods and fields" at Drakesville, now Ledgewood, up in Morris Co. The roses with which he was ever surrounded, the out-of-doors life he led, and the splendid air he had to breathe have had a marked affect upon him, his disposition being the sunniest. As soon as master Alexander came to school age, he was entered as a pupil at the New Jersey institution, and, for six years, diligently pursued his studies there. Mathematics was his especial love and knowledge he got of it has stood him in good stead in the business world. His grasp of it has entered, in no small way, into his business success, and today he has one of the largest incomes enjoyed by any of the well-to-do deaf of our state. Few indeed, exceed it, in our whole land. Mr. Salmon is now the financial manager of Salmon Brothers, one of the largest road-contracting firms in the state and has a beautiful home at Natcong, on Lake Hopatcong, an hour's ride from New York City. He is a bachelor, his sister presiding over his household affairs, and his love of home keeps him at his fire-side during most of the hours not actually spent at his work. He dis-

penses, always, a lavish hospitality, and his home is quite a centre, intellectual as well as social, for all the surrounding deaf.

EDWARD ELSWORTH

Born of old Knickerbocker stock, Edward C. Elsworth first saw the light of day on the 29th of May, 1880, in New York City. He was deaf from birth and at the age of seven entered the School for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Children, at sixty-seventh and Lexington avenue,



EDWARD ELSWORTH

and here remained for eight years. In 1895, he went to Fanwood where he remained five years more, devoting a large portion of his time to the study of printing with Mr. Hodgson as his instructor. Immediately after leaving Fanwood he turned his attention to the printing business. He began on a very small scale, but his plant has grown greatly and is now on a most flourishing basis. In 1909 he was wedded to Miss Lillian Shaw, graduate of the Trenton School, and, immediately after his marriage, took up his residence at Roseville, N. J., where he and his wife are now settled in beautiful apartments and blessed with a handsome little son and heir. Mr. Elsworth is an active member of St. Ann's Church and a Trustee of the Mission, Treasurer of St. Ann's Church, member of the Hollywood Club, the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, and Division No. 42 of the Fraternal Society. Of the latter he is now President. He is especially interested in the Frats and the New Jersey Society, finds time to do much work for them, and looks forward to great growth and prosperity for both.

(Continued)

N. A. D. OFFICERS

The N. A. D. Primary returns in the 1917 election by mail vote gives J. H. Cloud, President, 337; J. W. Howson, Vice President, 355; J. H. Keiser, Second Vice President, 188; A. L. Roberts, Secretary, 480; Treasurer, J. F. Meagher, 151; Executive Board, J. C. Howard, 272, G. W. Veditz, 148.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

NADFRATIES

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

NOH SMITHSON JONES, a well-dressed guy, wears well-kept clothes which please the eye. His shoes are shined, his pants are pressed, no soup stains spot his natty vest; de dons clean collars every day and cheerfully he wends his way. Thus folks are glad to give him work: "So clean a man can be no shirk."

Bill Bumpkin Brown's a deaf man too, he's not so roaring well-to-do; and yet some coin he lugs, it seems, somewhere aboard his ancient jeans—leastwise I've seen him sit and sop whole kegs of something, (maybe "pop.") And this the burden of his song, "The wicked, woeful world's run wrong! 'This world's run wrong! It oweth me a living, as you plainly see! My grocer gives me no more 'tick,' and dunning landlords make me sick; why can't I land a good fat job like Jay Cooks Howard—lucky slob? Hey, bar-keep, 'nother glass of rum (on credit, cause I'm deaf and dumb.)"

Ah! sad the lot of Bill B. Brown, the laughing stock of half the town; who shuffles by in unkempt clothes, with unclean face and unwashed hose, then wonders why he can't get work—though he's as lazy as a Turk. The townfolk laugh and say, "That rummy, he looks and acts just like a 'dummy.'"

John Smithson Jones and Bill B. Brown both live, dear reader, in your town. Some people say in strident tones, "Deaf folks are fine, like John S. Jones." But others say, with sniff and sneer, "All 'dummies' bathe in larger beer." Dear reader, let us bet five spot that Jones' a Frat, and Brown is not.

...

"What's this N. A. D. primary election, and why do we have a second election?" asked a Nad the other day.

"Have you ever seen how they elect officers in any kind of a meeting?" rejoined Nadfrat, Scotch-like answering one question by asking another.

"Of course," replied the first Nad.

"Well, it is just like that. First any member can get up and say, 'I nominate Rev. Cloud for president, and then another member can get up and say 'I nominate Douglas Tilden. And so it goes until everybody has nominated all the candidates they want to,'" concluded Nadfrat.

"That's right," replied Nad. "I would nominate Rev. Cloud myself at Hartford, only we don't vote at Hartford, we save time there and vote now."

"Exactly what we are doing. The primary election was really a way of nominating: It means every member of the National Association of the Deaf can nominate any member he wants, one for every office on the list," explained Nadfrat. "Instead of maybe nominating one man once in your life-time, in a big convention which cost you \$100 to attend, you can sit at home and puff your pipe and nominate seven good men—and it don't cost you anything. Now, don't that give you the worth of the paltry fifty cents yearly dues you pay for N. A. D. membership? Don't that give you as much power in governing N. A. D. affairs as any one else?"

"Thasso," agreed Nad, thoughtfully. "But why another election? I thought the primary election settled the blame thing."

"There is where we get more for our money," were the swishing signs of Nadfrat in urgent disagreement. "When you nominate in meeting you proceed to ballot on the names of those nominated. That is what we are going to do now. The nominations have been made and the nominating closed. Now we are going to vote on them."

"Vote on them all?"

"No, not all. Only the first five men who accept their nominations will be voted on. Five winners enter the final race for every office, or ten for the two directorships. Is that clear enough?"

"You mean the primary was really to show who we reckon best workers and result-getters, and then

we vote for the best man from just the five best for every office?" puzzled out Nad.

"Now you have the whole idea. Could anything be fairer?" asked Nadfrat enthusiastically.

"Guess not," agreed Nad in admiration.

...

Said Hodgson (Ed) to Axling (Phil)

"This mail-vote business makes me ill."

Said Axling then to Hodgson (Ed)

"My blessings on thy wise old head."

...

The first primary election of our N. A. D. proved more successful than was expected, as 20 out of the 22 men and women qualifying for the final ticket have—to my personal knowledge—records as capable, result-getting Nads.

...

The primary ineffably forecasts the election of the Rev. J. H. Cloud as president, J. W. Howson as first vice-president, A. L. Roberts as secretary and J. C. Howard as one of the two directors.

For the other director W. S. Root, of Seattle, may have a shade over Shelby Harris, of Mississippi, and Miss Cloa Lamson, of Columbus. The treasurership seems assured the South in the person of J. H. McFarland, of Alabama, or O. G. Carrell, of Oklahoma. With heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends who voted for the conductor of this page for about every office except that of dog-catcher, I feel there are better men in the field, and have accordingly withdrawn—leaving friend Root the sole representative from the Pacific Northwest on the final ticket.

The hottest contest promises to be that for second vice-president. This place seems assured a New York state man, with Miss Cloa Lamson, of Ohio, as the dark horse. Clayton McLaughlin, the brilliant young University of Rochester graduate, would be bracing new-blood to infuse in N. A. D. affairs, and that fact may give him an edge over the more widely-known Rev. J. H. Keiser, or the rich and influential S. Frankenheim.

With so many capable candidates for the position, "the country is safe," no matter who wins.

...

The tumult and the shoutings die,

The counted votes have all been burned;

The victors take their victory

As signs of merit fitly earned.

But what, oh! what, of those who lost—

Who, for the same unselfish ends,

Have often toiled at heavy cost?

What do they get for dividends?

They gain our gratitude, our thanks

(Which well they earned, you will agree)

And with us move, in serried ranks,

To make a stronger N. A. D.

...

The "J" folks have the election. There are three winners with the initials "J. H."—Cloud, McFarlane and Keiser. Others having a "J" for their first initial are Howson, Howard, Stewart, Long, Crane, and others.

...

OUR IDEA OF SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT: Only 16 months until the N. F. S. D. Convention in Philadelphia.

...

The first baby to be named in honor of the N. A. D. (National Association of the Deaf) is Nadric Meagher, of Vancouver, Washington.

I really think next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred.—Chesterfield.



By Edward E. Ragna.

We have started the year's work in agriculture with the 3rd Advanced and 3rd Intermediate classes. Work for the construction of a hot bed 8'6" by 7'8" and 1 1/2 feet deep with two sashes was begun on the morning of Friday, March 23. A pit was dug for the frame of the hot bed, and manure from the manure pit near the stable was taken out and piled up for heating. Since then, the pit has been finished and the frame of the hot bed sash has been anchored over the pit. The sashes are being glazed and will slope to the south so as to catch the sun's rays as nearly vertical as possible, so that very little heat from the sun's rays will be lost by reflection from the polished surface of the glass.

The manure has been turned over three times and has heated up quickly. The temperature of the manure 10 days after it was piled up from the manure pit was over 130 degrees as tested with a thermometer. Dead leaves on the ground have been raked up and mixed with the manure so that it will not heat so violently and will heat longer. The heating of the manure has been hastened by a few pails of hot water.

We have been late in starting our hot bed due to several causes, but it is better to have it late than never, as it is being made more for the instruction of the classes in agriculture than for the starting of crops, but the principle of doing the right thing at the right time, for time and nature wait for no man, is not overlooked.

The classes are eager and enthusiastic over the work, and realize the importance of knowing something about agriculture, especially during these momentous days. The director of the experiment station at the Connecticut Agricultural College has urged the people of Connecticut to cultivate every vacant lot of land and to plow up the lawns to raise crops. The United States as a warring nation with 100,000,000 mouths to feed should take such a farsighted step inasmuch as all the other belligerent nations were forced to take it willingly or unwillingly.

We have arranged to have some part of our school play ground plowed up for school gardens, thereby practicing what we believe.



THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

One house nestled down in the valley,
The other was up on a hill.
One house opened up on an alley,
The other stood stately and chill.
One house was an object of pity,
The other was handsome and gay.
From each went a youth to the city
To see what the city would pay.

The years hurried by with their scheming:

The boy from the cottage grew great,
And garnered the fruits of his dreaming
With a skill that his rivals called Fate.
He was brilliant and rich and respected,
Great projects were launched at his will,
And one of the clerks he directed
Was the boy from the House on the Hill.

—Selected.

TRENTON

By MILES SWEENEY

Across the front of a little red frame house on South Broad Street just below the bridge that spans the Delaware and Raritan canal you observe this sign: "Frank Weiss, shoemaker; tobacco and cigars." You enter and are greeted in a naive manner by a pudgy gentleman, seated, with hammer in one hand and a shoe on his lap. Let's suppose you can hear—he inquires of your wants, and if you explain in German so much the better; you're deaf—he waves you to a seat, questions you in the sign-language, and as you question in turn he answers you readily and with a definiteness that bespeaks a rich memory. He doesn't merely say, "I came to America in 1884," but, "I came to America April 21, 1884 when I was 17 years old." To speak figuratively, he doesn't answer you by heads but by hairs; and you are all the more delighted when he talks about the deaf. A big man passes by who looks strikingly like Thomas A. Edison. "There goes Police Chief Cleary"—he recognizes nearly every prominent personage and tells you his name and station. For, mind you, Weiss the shoemaker has been on the spot for nearly 25 years; or as he would tell you, next December 1st will be exactly that long.

Frank Weiss was born in Marienwerder, a town in western Prussia, Germany. He lost his hearing at the age of three and a half and when ten entered a school for the deaf in the Fatherland, remaining until fourteen. This meagre education he more than compensated for by immediately securing a job at some shoemaker's in his home town, the earnings from which not only enabled him to sail for America three years later but to subsequently establish an independent business here in Trenton.

In 1896, four years after commencing business here, Weiss at 29 married Miss Clementine Wisser, then aged 30, and the fruit of this union is a hearing son, Adolf, who will be 19 next June and who is at present employed in the American Steel and Wire Co., this city.

Mr. Weiss never for once found it obligatory to keep up with the times. He prefers to stick to the old fashioned hand method, and his patronage often increases to the extent of hiring an extra man. Mr. Weiss resides at 530 Federal St., just a few blocks from the little red shop.

* *

On Sunday, April 1st, the writer was favored with a visit by Joseph Higgins, who came all the way from Florence, N. J., on his brand new wheel. It shall not be given you all the news he furnished, lest the writer be counted one of "ye towne gossips"; but it's certainly worth telling that Joseph's pay-envelope has grown pretty fat lately. Three dollars a day working in a thread mill is doing quite some for a lad fresh from school and barely out of his teens. Yes, certes, it's all no April Fool joke!

* *

The deaf should take warning at the two local cases of a hearing person being shot on failing to answer the challenges of a military sentinel. The Government has issued orders to every soldier on guard duty to shoot to kill whenever his challenges are not answered; and this evidently bears heaviest on the deaf, who are least able to answer the sentry's "Halt!" and "Who goes there?" Surely it's a matter to be gravely reckoned with, and a few pointers should be helpful:

1. Keep on the public thoroughfares.
2. Don't walk along the canal towpath or across railroad property.
3. Don't hang around munition plants nor around government arsenals.
4. Have a hearing friend accompany you, especially at night.
5. Use your eyes more and, better still, keep your minds informed of barred zones.

* *

When Miss Anna Campbell entered the Bowker house on the evening of Friday the thirteenth, she found there the Wainwrights, the Bowkers and Miss

Ethel Collins—all sad-faced with the exception of Mr. Bowker, who was stoical. It transpired that Fanny was dead, just buried. The poor dog had to be chloroformed in the morning to put an end to unnecessary sufferings and to that incurable malady, old age. After supper, she was given a decent burial in a little corner in the back yard, and it was with great regret that Miss Campbell found it too late to attend the funeral.

* *

The Times office, where yours truly is employed, received an anonymous communication on Thursday the twelfth warning that the building would be blown up at noon on the next day—there again! Friday the thirteenth. Assuredly enough had already happened to warrant that such threats are not to be taken lightly—witness the Eddystone catastrophe. *The Times* neglected no precautions; extra police were provided and a secret service man stationed at the plant.

Well, to make a long story short, the fact that yours truly lives to tell the tale proves that Friday



MISS VIOLET PEARCE

who, as "Cleopatra," won first prize at the Frats' ball in Newark on the 6th of January. This costume has won four first prizes at different balls. She has an older sister, Mabel, who four years ago, married Mr. Samuel Cox, of Port Washington, L. I., where they live. Miss Pearce was born in the British West Indies at the time her father was the Postmaster at Jamaica. She lives near her sister's *Alma Mater*—Fanwood—and in the shadow of the tabernacle where Billy Sunday is making New York sinners hit the sawdust trail.

the thirteenth is not so ill-omened as we are wont to suppose.

* *

The Mesdames Porter and Lloyd, Miss Ethel Collins and Mr. Edward E. Ragna dropped into Philadelphia on Easter Sunday and attended the services at All Souls' church.

* *

Mr. R. C. Stephenson is out of Mercer Hospital, where he remained for several weeks after being hit and dragged some distance by a freight trolley, sustaining painful injuries about the back. Mr. Stephenson wishes to correct the impression that he was carried to the hospital in an unconscious condition. He wasn't unconscious at any time, but he suffered agonies when his back repeatedly thumped the rough ground, and it was only his presence of mind aided by his great strength, which enabled him to cling to the car until it stopped, that saved his life.

Although over forty, Mr. Stephenson is as agile as an athletic youngster. One winter day just a few years ago on leaving home he slipped descending the porch steps, landed on his buttocks, slid across the icy pavement, and only the good office of a telegraph pole prevented him from bouncing into the gutter or perhaps continuing his slide clear across the street. The big fellow got up laughing and with nothing else worth mentioning except perhaps that of seeing stars, and ever afterwards he has taken the precaution to don his spike baseball shoes whenever another such incident threatens.

You ought to see Miss Fanny Bass in her new Easter attire.

* *

Mrs. Hattie Tobin's nephew is in the Municipal hospital as a tuberculosis patient.

* *

A convention on May 30 is an assured thing. It will be held in Newark, N. J. Don't fail to be there!

NEW JERSEY PICK-UPS

About thirty-five attended Rev. Mr. Dantzer's services at Trinity Chapel on the 25th inst. He was accompanied by Mr. Arthur H. Enger, of New York City, who is taking an advanced course in engraving at the Horology College in Philadelphia. After the service they went up to the school so Mr. Enger could see what the New Jersey School looked like.

Mr. Carmine Pace and Miss Vallie R. Gunn have announced their marriage which took place in New York City on March 24th last. After April 1st they will be at home at 352 Seymour Avenue, Newark. Both the bride and groom were former pupils of the New Jersey School and among the most popular young people in New Jersey. Congratulations!

Mr. Milton Bell, who is making his home with his sister on Kent St., Trenton, spent the Easter Vacation at White House Station, N. J.

ODE TO SILENCE

By FLORENCE EARLE COATES

O Thou, sublime, who on the throne
Of eyeless Night sat, awful and alone,
Before the birth of Kronos—brooding deep
Upon the voiceless waters which asleep
Held all things circled in their gelid zone:
O Silence! how approach thy shrine
Nor falter in the listening void to raise
A mortal voice in praise,
Nor wrong with swords such eloquence as thine?

Amid the fragrant forest hush,
The nightingale or solitary thrush,
May, on thy quiet breaking, give no wound;
For they such beauty bring as all redeems,
Nor fear to interrupt thy dreams
Or trouble thy Nirvana with a sound!

And the more fitting worship seem the breath
Of violets in the sequestered wood,
The zephyr that low whispereth
To the heart of Solitude,
The first unfolding of the bashful rose
That noiseless by the wayside buds and blows:

More fitting worship the far drift of clouds
O'er azure floating with a swan-like motion,
The Siren-lays faint heard amid the shrouds,
The voiceless swell of the unfathomed ocean;
The silver Dian pours on the calm stream
Where pale the lotus-blossoms lie adream—

Yet, mother of all high imaginings,
In whom is neither barrenness nor dearth,
Wise guardian of the sacred springs
Whose fresh primordial waters heal the earth—
O soul of muted fire,
Of whom is born the passionate desire
That gives to beauty birth—

All music that hath been, howe'er divine,
All possibilites of sound are thine!

The syrinx-reed, the flute, Apollo owns,
Symphonic chords, and lyric overtones,
First draw their inspiration at thy shrine,
There come heartbroken mortal things;
There once again they find their wings;
There garner dreams benign—
O nurse of genius! unto whom belong
Beethoven's harmonies and Homer's deathless
songs!

—Selected.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH

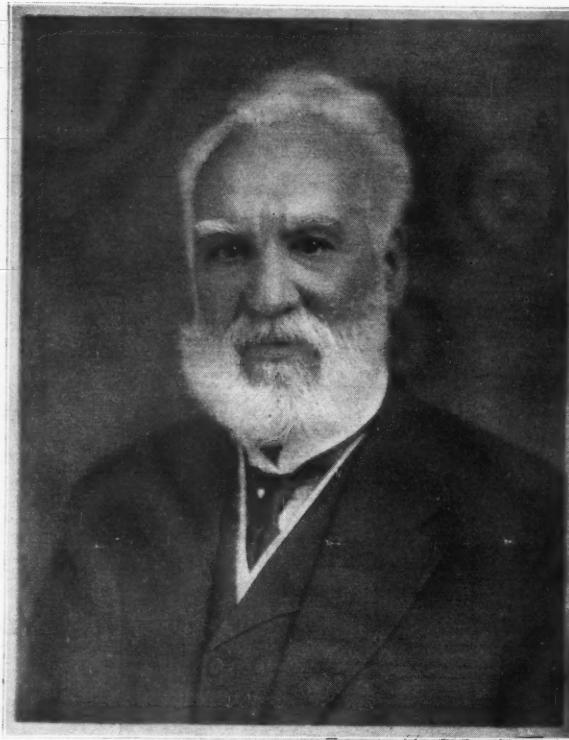
MEARS ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was the big figure at Conventions of the educators of the deaf, and the man whose advice and help was probably most sought. In recent years he has not attended meetings, not even those of the Speech Association. Recently the Civic Forum presented Dr. Bell with a medal attesting his share of the World's progress, and the affair was made a big celebration at Carnegie Hall. Dr. Bell's presence in town gave me an opportunity I have been waiting for over two years. One of the first announcements I sent out in 1915 was to Dr. Bell, who, for over thirty years has been a valued personal friend. He sent me a note extending good wishes, and promising a visit on the first opportunity.

Prior to his coming to New York, his secretary wrote and told me when Dr. Bell was coming, and advised that the safe sure way was to go to his hotel and get him. I acted upon the advise and "got him." On my first call I saw Mrs. Bell in the lobby having a conversation with a hearing man, and I had another opportunity to note the high degree of skill she has attained in lip-reading. Afterward my own turn came, and I used spoken speech as I would to any one, and Mrs. Bell understood me as well as if she had heard all I said. An appointment was made for the next afternoon. At 3:30, exactly, an automobile brought Dr. and Mrs. Bell, and as soon as he saw me he told me he was ready for me. Eight years ago I managed a similar "capture," for the purpose of photographing him, and the preliminary was an invitation to breakfast with him at his hotel, after which he was to be mine as long as necessary to make his photographs.

Dr. Bell is just seventy years old. He celebrated his birthday March 3rd, on which date, by the way, his grandfather was born, and it also became the natal day of Dr. Bell's first grandchild. Dr. Bell at seventy is an even handsomer, more picturesque figure than he was at forty when I first knew him. His eye has the sparkle it always had, and beard and hair are snow white. Dr. Bell was tired out with a round of dinners, luncheons, receptions, in addition to the big night at Carnegie Hall, and he leaned rather heavily on my arm, but his tread was firm and the fact that he was walking on Fifth Avenue did not deter him from talking delightfully, both with his fingers and an occasional sign. His first question was as to the lapse of time since we had last met; he recalled the occasion but did not recall just how long ago it was. I could see almost every passer-by turn his head, and there were nudgings that did not escape me, when people would tell other people who the promenader on the Avenue was. One of my questions was as to whether he could still talk in signs as well as he used to, and he told me he was afraid he had forgotten. He suggested I talk to him in signs and he would see if he could answer similarly. I followed out his suggestion by asking him (in signs) when he was going back to Washington? He promptly answered (in signs) "Midnight sleeping car, reach Washington to-morrow." Then laughingly added, "I guess I have not forgot." He rarely meets his old deaf friends, and never any deaf strangers. He says his time is so fully taken up, and now he is hard at work on a new invention, and while he told me what it was, I fear, under present circumstances, as it has to do with War, and more particularly with the Navy, I had better not state the object of his present scientific attainments. In spite of Dr. Bell's devotion to speech and speech-reading for the deaf, he knows what the value of spelling and signs are to those to whom it is not attainable. He insists, for one thing,

that if I had not learned to find the manual alphabet and signs such a convenience, I would have been a good lip-reader. I wish I could have written this story about Dr. Bell without saying anything about myself, but it seems I had to weave myself in to state the story of my meeting him. I had the rare pleasure of enjoying him all to myself for nearly two hours, and was sorry to have it cut so short, but when he bid me good bye, on our return to his hotel, I felt that I had been spending two happy weeks with him.

Out in Utah they have been making some in-



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Photo. by A. L. Pach.
DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

teresting experiments at Mr. Driggs' school. All recent chapel talks have been conducted orally, and the story of "Mickey," from Gene Stratton Porter's story of Michael O'Halloran was told. Prizes were given to those pupils who gave the best written versions of the story as it had been related to them. Now the subject of the talks was a printed book, and while there is no intention or suggestion of collusion, or helps from reading the book, the fact that it could be had, and could be generally discussed detracts from the test's accuracy. When these children go out into the world they will meet with conditions very, very different from what obtain in a chapel. As a deaf man, I know that sitting an accomplishment, there are other things in life of even so clear as they are in signs and spelling, is wearying and a tax on endurance. What it must be when deaf people are supposed to understand by watching the movements of the lips, will be readily appreciated by hearing people, if they try to understand speech by seeing it spoken, and without hearing it uttered. Great as lip-reading is as a help and an accomplishment, there are other things in life of equal importance.

More than one of the exchanges have printed the results of the N. A. D. primary election and call it the election and announce the candidate for each office as being elected to office. Now if the wise editors are misled, what about the great number

of others who did not and do not understand it all?

"Dr. Argo bought a pilot automobile. It is a four-passenger chummy roadster. We think that the automobile suits him."—*Colorado Index*.

Several years ago Dr. Argo would not have exchanged his pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds for the finest auto ever built. Maybe the automobile suits him, but I'll bet it doesn't suit him as well as a pair of trotters.

In an address before an audience of hearing people, a speaker who is partially deaf told them the following:

"One may be handicapped when attending a show by not hearing the wonderful music and understanding the performance. It would be interesting for you to learn that the deaf do feel the music through vibrations by placing their hand on the instruments played or on the needle of the Victrola and they enjoy this as much as a normal person enjoys his music."

The gentleman ought to know better than to make such a statement, for there is no way in the world, no device, artifice, appliance, method, substitute or anything whatever that will permit a deaf person enjoying music as well as a normal person does.

Captain Jack Bonavita, the lion tamer who was killed by a bear last month in California, had a number of deaf friends. The night a lion took his hand a part of his arm off at Bostock's he informed a number of us that "Baltimore," was vicious and that he was going to teach him a lesson at 10:30 that night. He asked us to stay and see the fight—two of us did not—three did and were sickened by what they say.

THE DAY'S WORK

The day's work counts—

It isn't what

You mean to do a week ahead;

It isn't what you'll know you'll gain

When all annoyances have fled;

It isn't what you dreamed and planned—

Such hopes are but a phantom band—

The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—

The foot you gained

Since yonder sun dispelled the dark.

Next week, next month, next year are vain;

Unto the present summons hark.

How are you fared ahead since morn

In garnering life's oil and corn?

The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—

It isn't much

The gain of those few painful hours,

But be contented if there is shown

Some products of the sacred powers

Which guide each mind, uphold each hand;

Strive with the best at your command—the day's

work counts.

—Selected.

Those who have minutely studied the character of the Saviour will find it difficult to determine whether there is most to admire or to imitate in it—there is so much of both.

Here is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn; and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.—*Emerson*.

A VOICE FROM FRANCE

Writing to the South Australian News, Mlle. Yvonne Pitrois, the well-known deaf writer of France says:

November, 1916.

Dear Australian Friends:—Is it possible that a whole year has elapsed since I wrote my last letter to you! I have been so very busy all this year round that I could not come to you again sooner, yet my heart and mind went off very, very often to you. How specially I thought of you this early autumn, when the British offensive began, and when our papers were full of accounts of the heroic deeds performed by the Anzacs and the Australian troops at the front of Picardie! I wondered then if any of you had "a darling"—"somebody's darling," you know—amidst this terrible furnace, and I heartily wished that they may all be spared! By the way, dear silent friends, if ever you have a dear one wounded or missing in France, and if I can do any thing for him—for your own sake—you have only to write to me; I should be too glad to return back to you in a small way, your kind help towards my poor refugees.

This year I have continued with all my heart to search the poor lonely deaf victims of the war scattered all over France. I have found several more of them, among them an old woman of 77, who says pathetically: "My pretty house is burned to ashes; I am reduced to nothing, after having worked so hard all my life long!" Another old woman of 79, deaf and crippled, who has been terribly wounded on the head by a German shell, and has "no more shelter, nothing left at all!" A girl of 20, who, when I discovered her, had as a bed to sleep, "a pair of curtains, and a very small wrapper." A little girl of 9, whose father has been killed at the war, and whose house is burned, too; she lives with her mother in a wooden hut! A dear sweet girl of 20, Yvonne Perlin, refugee of the Rheims zone, who is quite blind as well as deaf! (I send to you her photo to see). I did my best for these new

afflicted ones, sending to them affectionate messages, little sums of money, pieces of clothing, cheap dolls to the children, searching friends for them (my dream is to secure a personal friend for each of



MDLLE. YVONNE PITROIS
The noted Deaf Literary Woman, of Bordeaux, who is doing all she can for the homeless deaf children of Belgium and France.

them!) pleading the admission of some of them in special schools and institutions. Of course, I have continued, too, to care with a loving interest for all my other refugees of 1914-15. Little Marcel Linard, the Belgian baby of whom you have seen the photo in the S. A. D. N. for October, 1915, page 10, was ill last winter, and his frail little mother, too; I sent them for a whole month to the seaside. The

cost was only 60 francs, and both are quite well now, I am so glad to say. But others have had many sorrows; for instance, Martha Lagin, the girl on the same copy, page 9, who has lost her two brothers at the front—one killed and the other wounded and missing. A happy event has occurred in the home of a couple of refugees from Northern France, who, poor people, have left in the invaded zone their four-year-old little boy, and have heard nothing about him since: a baby girl has been born to them; this plump, smiling little sunbeam christened Yvonne. Dear, ignorant little soul! How radiant she looks! and yet her parents wrote to me yesterday: "We are so happy to have someone who thinks of her; without you, dear miss, no one would have taken interest in her and us!" Indeed, when I receive simple little testimonials like this I feel rewarded for all my labours.

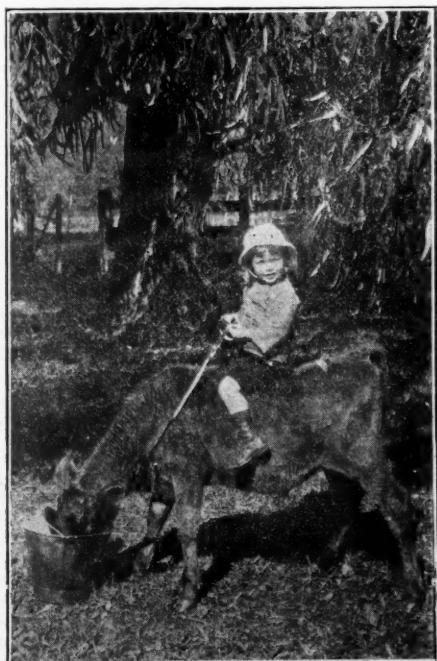
I have sent this year other big sums to the deaf of invaded Belgium—the total amount of my payments there being 2,100 francs (\$420).

Since November, 1915, I have received three gifts from Australia: Miss Stenhouse and her sister Alice 47 francs; collection made by Mrs. Muir, 84.50 francs; Miss Stenhouse 42 francs. Nothing from the League has reached me yet. I hope you will continue, to do your best for our poor afflicted brothers and sisters in their long, long time of deprivation and sorrow. I regret so much to say that the parcel of clothing sent by the Melbourne deaf never reached me in spite of my enquiries.

Next time, D.V., I shall tell you something about the Christmas of my poor refugees. I must close to-day, with all my Christmas and New Year wishes to all, and hoping and praying that for the next Christmastide it will be at last: "Peace on earth!"

Yours affectionately,
YVONNE PITROIS.
90, Rue de Marsielle, Bordeaux.

TYPES OF CHILDREN



Ronald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Dammon, of Warburton, Australia (two years and two months old) nephew of Daisy Muir

We may learn by practice such things upon as shall be of us to us in heaven. Piety, unostentatious piety, is never out of place.—Chapin.

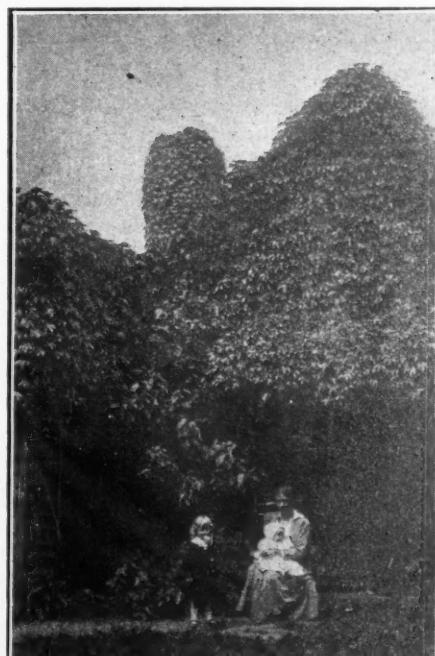


LITTLE MISS HELEN B. KEARNY

Taken in April, 1916

Nine-year-old Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kearny, Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Kearny is a former Virginia and Fanwood (N. Y.) pupil and taught in the Miss. School 35 years. Mrs. Kearny, nee Miss Mollie Jayner, is an Alabaman by birth and education. Young Miss Helen can speak, spell and sign in all big S, to say nothing of her keen hearing. 4th grade Jackson Public School.

OF DEAF PARENTS



Mrs. Gus Dammon, Ronald and little Jean, behind the kitchen at Hazel Park, Warburton, Australia. Both children can hear.

There is certainly something of exquisite kindness and thoughtful benevolence in that rarest of gifts,—fine breeding.—*Lytton*.

THE SILENT WORKER



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Editors

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Speaking of historic sites, our school is located on a street which was part of the route of Washington and his army in their march between Trenton and Princeton at the time of the victory gained at the latter place. Numerous markers have been erected along the highway commemorative of that event, one of them on the High School grounds just opposite our entrance gate.

If we seem somewhat musical in this issue of the Silent Worker just charge it up to the coming of spring, the birds, the green grass and balmy atmosphere, all conducive to mellowing of the soul and setting it to rhythmic vibrations in unison with nature. Seriously speaking, though, wouldn't it be interesting to come back a hundred years hence and see what will then be the advances made in the education of the deaf, and what people will then think and say of our present methods and ideas?

Who, Oh, who is there else that gets as much help and fatherly advice as an editor? It is proffered as free as air if he will only accept.

The perennial joke-on-the-editor, as stale and hoary as the mother-in-law-joke once got to be, is still perpetrated with impunity, yet nothing seems to get beneath his thick hide. He is past helping.

What ails editors any way?

"Did you see? This morning they destroyed a whole column!"

"Oh! Those terrible Boches—such bandits!"

"No, no—I'm talking of the censors—and my latest article."—Le Rire (Paris).

The N. A. D. reels, which were secured for our moving picture entertainment Saturday evening March 4, proved of unusual interest to all who saw them. This included, in addition to our pupils and officers, nearly all of the adult deaf living in and about

Trenton. To see thrown upon the screen the well-known features of such prominent deaf people as Dr. Gallaudet, Prof. Hotchkiss, Mr. Howard, and Mrs. Erd and "hear" them telling their stories in graceful, classic signs yet in the intimate personal way in which they seemed to be addressing us, was only less a pleasure than meeting them in person would have been.

A GOOD PLAN ABANDONED

The Michigan school has been compelled to abandon the plan of having its agricultural classes during the summer and return to the regular nine month session. The reason assigned is that parents are not willing to dispense with the labor of the boys at home during the summer season. It seems a great pity that those schools that are so fortunate as to have farms cannot utilize them to the very fullest extent in teaching deaf boys the most useful of all occupations. —The Lone Star.

This item, or similarly worded ones, have circulated so extensively among our school papers of late as to seem to indicate a note of discouragement over the general idea of agricultural and horticultural education in schools for the deaf. Yet there is no occasion for any such feeling to arise among the profession at all. The mere fact that the Michigan school or any other school may not be able to get its agricultural students as a whole to stay through the summer, desirable as that plan may be, need not interfere at all seriously with the success or quality of the agricultural instruction that may be given in those schools that have the facilities for it.

In fact many of our well known and most successful agricultural colleges do not continue in session at all in the summer. On the contrary they close earlier in the spring and open later in the fall than most of our other schools do for the very reason that they wish their students to be at home working on the farm during the summer, or hired out to some other practical farmer if they are not so fortunate as to live in farm homes themselves, to put in practice the principles they have been studying during the preceding months. This has the very beneficial effect of preventing their learning from becoming too bookish and cocksure.

It is true that there will be certain crops and experimental plots that need to be looked after during the summer, but it is probable that they will not be so extensive in the average school for the deaf as to require the services of more than half a dozen of the pupils. Certainly in most of our larger schools that number could be found in such circumstances that they could readily be induced to stay over for the summer work. Then the balance could go home and help their parents all summer, just as Michigan parents very naturally wish theirs to do, and the young Burbanks and Baileys will return in the fall certainly not one whit the worse for the three months of change from theory to practice.

Good manners are a part of good morals.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION OF THE DEAF

A Letter from President Percival Hall of Gallaudet College in the "Jewish Deaf."

Gallaudet College,
Washington, D. C.

Editor "The Jewish Deaf."

Dear Sir:—I have your letter of January 15th requesting on my part some discussion of the question of industrial education of the deaf. I am greatly interested in this matter, but do not feel that I can speak with any authority. I am glad, however, to send one or two thoughts in connection with this very important subject.

In the first place, it is quite true that there are many changes going on in the methods of manufacture, and that in some of the great industrial plants it is necessary every few years to get rid of valuable equipment which has become out of date. I think, however, that the articles which you have published have applied this idea altogether too generally to the trades.

How about the carpenter's trade, the trade of the painter, paperhanger, the harness maker, the bricklayer, the sign painter, the tinner, the broom maker, the barber, the bookkeeper, the photo-engraver, the matress maker, the plasterer, and the plumber? In these lines, do we not use the same tools and methods to a large extent that we used ten years ago? After we have once applied electricity or other forms of convenient power to our sewing machines, our saws, and our lathes, are not, after all, many of the operations in dressmaking, tailoring, cabinet making, etc., the same operations which we have taught for many years?

In the second place, it seems to me that your plan of combination of the industrial work of the school for the deaf with an actual manufacturing establishment would apply successfully to only a limited number of our schools. With the valuable plants and equipment already constructed and in operation for teaching our deaf children, now may your plan be put into operation in State schools like those at Talladega, Alabama; Colorado Springs, Colorado; Cave Spring, Georgia; Gooding, Idaho; Danville, Kentucky; Malone, New York; Devils Lake, N. D.; Morganton, N. C.; Cedar Springs, S. C., and Staunton, Virginia? Not only these but many others of our important schools are located where there is very little manufacturing work. Many other important schools are located where there are only one or two kinds of manufacturing going on in large establishments. Certainly in the latter group of schools we would not wish to place all of our deaf children in one line of manufacturing to get their trades-teaching. Are we not really glad, also, to feel that many of our schools for the deaf are not located in great cities full of temptations for our deaf boys and girls?

This brings up at once other phases of the plan which you suggest. Do we wish our deaf children to remain in the cities? Do we wish them to become simply small parts of the machines of manufacture which have been set up in the great cities of the country? Is it not better to urge them to enter the trades where their work is something more than simple feeding of machinery or doing monotonous piece work day after day?

Is there not still room for the first-class carpenter, blacksmith, painter, printer, seamstress, milliner, and, in general, the young men and young women who have been taught to use both their hands and their minds together?

Why should not a large majority of our schools for the deaf be equipped with the best shop machinery tools, and with skilled teachers in the various trades and industries most fitted for the deaf? Why should not manual training for the younger children be succeeded by actual first-class trades-teaching in our own schools, giving the older pupils alternate weeks, if necessary, in our shops, in order to bring about more real conditions of labor?

I feel very strongly with you that in the past the schools for the deaf were in advance of any other schools in the line of manual training and trade-teaching. It may be that we have dropped behind in this respect somewhat. It may be that in some of the larger cities your solution of the problem by sending the boys and girls into actual manufacturing plants may work successfully. I believe, however, that most of our schools should have both manual training and trades-teaching conducted with up to date equipment and the best possible instruction. I feel that your plan is feasible only in a limited number of existing schools.

Yours very truly,
PERCIVAL HALL, President.

CHINA'S DEAF IN NEED

We are reprinting a circular sent out by Mrs. Mills of the Chefoo, China, School for the Deaf appealing for funds to help in erecting a much needed new building for that school, and also extracts from a personal letter received from her throwing additional light on the needs of China's deaf for America's help:

THE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Chefoo, China

December 15, 1916.

Dear Friends:—A little over two years ago, just before the world was startled by the news of war in Europe, the Executive Committee of our Mission met at the School for the Deaf to consider its needs. This Committee was composed of men whose judgment is to be relied upon.

After carefully going into the situation it was unanimously decided that the school needed a recitation hall and the estimated cost was set at twenty thousand silver Mexican dollars, and we were authorized to place the need of this sum before the friends of the school. At that time one dollar U. S. currency bought two dollars and thirty cents silver, so we decided to ask for ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) U. S. currency deeming it more than ample.

Alas! we were not expecting a great war with its effect on the money market and the rise in price of all building material.

China has been buying her window glass in Belgium; now the supply is cut off. She must buy in America, where glass is more expensive than it was in Belgium; and, freight and insurance rates have gone up, with an added charge for "war risk", on all freight. China has no hard wood for flooring; that must come from Oregon, and the price landed here has increased fully one-fourth or more. The worst blow, however, was dealt by the money market. The purchasing price of a dollar has decreased one-third. Where we needed twenty thousand dollars we now need twenty seven thousand to make up the loss in exchange and rise in prices.

A friend, who has given liberally to the school in the past, has exceeded his former gifts and promises \$10,000.00 U. S. currency toward the fund for the hall. We shall need \$5,000.00 more in U. S. currency; or, as we say out here in China, U. S. gold.

We do not know who is going to give this but we have faith to believe that some one will; or, that it will be made up by many small gifts.

We are asking every school for the deaf in America to give us a little help toward the needed balance, that we may start the building in the early spring. Many schools, churches and societies for the deaf have given in the past and the gifts have been greatly appreciated.

This school, the first for the deaf in China, is your gift to the thousands of deaf children in this great land. The building of this recitation hall will be in a sense the visible cap stone to the work. I am sure I do not need to make any further appeal.

The Chefoo School still stands, practically, an isolated illustration of the love of Christ for China's deaf children. The school in Hang Chow has failed for the lack of a firm hand at the head, the elder Mr. Tse being in failing health. The little school in Ku Ching reaches only a few girls. Mr. Bi Shu Yuen's work for the deaf in Kiang-su Province, under the patronage of Chang Chien, Ex-Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, is in an experimental stage. We hope he will succeed, but he only promised to stay two years and one has already passed. The need for other schools is great and we must provide the training here in Chefoo and our plant is inadequate for the work, the accommodations are poor, unhygienic and insufficient.

We need your help as soon as possible, and **every little helps.**

Yours for the Deaf of China,
ANNETTA T. MILLS.

(Extracts from Mrs. Mills' Letter)

Now, I wonder if "The Silent Worker" can give us some more help. The enclosed leaflet gives a sketchy account of our pressing need in regard to the building fund and I am hoping the New Jersey School will again come to our relief, as it did some years ago. I am really hoping to hear from **every** school for the deaf in America. Is it too much to hope?

The effects of the European War have hit us in China hard and we are losing every day in exchange on gold, depreciation of silver in our local markets and rise in prices. Unless our friends come to our aid the work will suffer a serious set-back.

China's finances are really in a serious condition and we cannot expect help from the Government and not much from the people yet. It looks as if it would be decades before they would be able to shoulder their responsibilities as they ought to do. There is a lamentable handicap of lack of money, of confidence, of knowledge and of desire. I have to look back thirty-two years to realize that China has really made progress, there is still so much to be done; and, she is looking to America, as we look to the American deaf and their friends, for help. I do hope we shall not fail her.

You know how hard it is to get money for the deaf in America and I may say it is a hundred times harder here, where the deaf are looked down upon and where we have to work against superstition, as well as ignorance.

We are hoping very much to begin our new building in the early spring and it is for the last payment ten months hence that we need help.

We are making almost a desperate effort to make our school a model to China of what is done for the deaf in Christian lands, and this building is needed, not only for convenience and enlargement but for hygienic reasons as well.

ANNETTA T. MILLS.

The most unhappy circumstance of all is, when each party is always laying up fuel for dissension, and the gathering together of a magazine of provocations to exasperate each other with when they are out of humor.—*Steele.*

SCHOOL and CITY



Mr. Byer resigned his position as supervisor of boys and left to enter other work on April 1st. During his connection with the school Mr. Byer won the respect of the boys in his charge and made many friends, all of whom regret that he is not to be with us longer. To fill the vacancy Mr. Robert Conley has been appointed and has taken up his duties in a manner that gives promise of success. We welcome him into our corps of officers.

Owing to changes in personnel a slight reorganization of the Boys' Dormitory supervision has been made in order to provide a responsible hearing officer there. Mr. Sharp, therefore, in addition to his duties as a teacher, has been made faculty councilor of boys. He will also have charge of the library and advise and guide the boys in their reading.

A very good series of moving pictures were shown in the chapel Saturday evening, April 7th, the program being as follows:

Reel I

"Animated News Weekly No. 22."

Showing World happenings of universal interest; Auto Races, Los Angeles, Cal.; Arrival of the S. S. Adriatic from the U-boat zone, in New York; Open air schools in Venice, Cal.; Large battle planes in action; New York Giants in training, and other happenings.

Reel II

"Scenes in Spain"—a colored scenic picture.

Reel III

"The Stolen Inheritance"—a story.

Reel IV

"A City's Milk Supply." Showing New York being served with 2,500,000 qts. of milk.

Reel V

"Glacier National Park." Scenic and Travel series, one-half reel, and one-half reel Cartoon Comedy.

Good Night

The April pupils' party was held Saturday evening, the 14th, Miss Fitts, Mrs. Markley and Mr. Conley being the committee in charge. A very interesting and lively series of games had been arranged and all were kept busy enjoying themselves throughout the evening, for which the committee are to be congratulated. A number of visitors from outside the school were present and added to the pleasure of the evening. Cup cakes and apples were served.

It is hoped that next month, instead of the usual evening party, an out-door all day play time can be substituted, in other words an old fashioned picnic for the whole school somewhere in the woods or a park.

The one hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter for the founding of the Fanwood School in New York City is to be celebrated in the chapel of that school on Sunday afternoon, April 15th, at 3 o'clock. Invitations have been received at this and other schools to be represented at the celebration.

Lillian Leaming went home last Friday morning with Miss Fitts and stayed until Monday. She had a nice time at home. We all were glad to see her when she came back. She went to Philadelphia and visited Isabel Long last Sunday afternoon. They were talking about the news. They enjoyed themselves.

E. T.

THE SILENT WORKER

We decided to have class officers. On April 5, 1917, we had the election. We voted first for president. Edith Tussey and Lillian Leaming were nominated. When Salvatore counted the ballots, he found that the votes were a tie, so we voted again and Edith Tussey was unanimously elected. Then we voted for Vice-President and secretary and Salvatore counted the ballots. Lillian Leaming was elected Vice-President, and Joseph Pingitore was elected secretary.

Miss Wood congratulated our class officers. Our class colors are blue and white. Our class flower is the pink rose. Our class motto is "To be honest in all things."

J. P.

Last Friday Miss Fitts took me home and I was glad to see my family. I stayed with them for three days and had a good time. They gave new Easter clothes to me.

Yesterday Miss Jemima Smith and Miss Heuser visited our school and we were glad to see them. They are young ladies now.

Last Sunday I visited Isabel Long and I would have gone to All Souls' Church with her but I was too late. She went there with Miss Snell. I waited for them and they came home from church about 7 o'clock. I was glad to see them and talked with them about school. Isabel's brother Lewis is not feeling good because he has bad tonsils. A doctor told him that he must remove his tonsils next summer. If he has them removed he will feel fine.

When I went to Philadelphia last Saturday I saw every store had put up many United States flags.

Jemima Smith will marry Mr. Bouton next June. She asked Frieda Heuser to be her bridesmaid. I hope Jemima will be happy forever.

Mrs. Kibbe's daughter visited her and our school. I think she is staying with her for a few days. I think Mrs. Kibbe is glad to see her.

Mr. Ragna's pupils learn gardening every Friday. I wish we could learn how to grow vegetables in the garden. I hope we shall have a garden.

L. L.

I went home last Friday afternoon, but I did not meet my father in Newark but I met my sister Josephine. We walked home and my parents were glad to see me. Frank Passantino said to me: "Will you play base ball tomorrow?" so I played base ball with the boys. My father and I went to see the movies in the theatre. My uncle, friends, and I rode in an automobile last Sunday night. We were invited to our friend's house where we danced. We rode back home. It snowed last Sunday night. My father bought a new suit and many things for me last Saturday. Then I played a piano. I had a good time and was glad to see my friends.

S. M.

I received a box of candy from my uncle John last Friday. It was nice. I am fond of candy.

I receive letters from my aunt often. She looks like my mother.

I received a letter from my sister Josie who lives in Springfield, Mass., with my aunt Katie. She is learning to hem towels, to make a pin-case and a handkerchief case. She asked me if I have learned to sew or cook. I will write to her and tell her that I am learning to cook and to sew. She is younger than I. She is nine years old. She will be ten years old, August 27.

May Lotz's birthday will be May 6. She

will be fifteen years old. I am fifteen years old, too. I will be sixteen years old as soon as my next birthday comes.

There is an awful war. I always pray for the war to stop. I do not like war. I want to have peace. I do not know why the war always comes. It is too bad. I wish that we would never have war.

M. T.

I received a letter from my mother last week. She gave five dollars to me. Miss Cornelius and I went to the city. She bought a spring coat and spring hat for me.

Miss Koehler went home last Thursday. She lives in Hartford, Conn. She had a good time at home.

Anna Klepper, Wanda and I walked down town last Sunday. We saw the soldiers. They were standing on the street. They caught a bad man.

I received a letter from my sister Ella yesterday. Her eyes are sore, but they are better. She works in my home and she cooks and sews.

Annie Uhouse and her father were walking on the sidewalk and they saw a little girl in the street. A trolley-car struck the little girl and cut off her legs. The hospital auto came quickly and took her to the hospital.

I received a post-card from my best friend. Her name is Edna Powers. She is deaf. She told me that she will take me to visit some deaf girls in New York next summer. I always love her.

Miss Hales told the girls who play basketball that they will play tennis. We are glad to play tennis.

K. MCK.

Monday, April 2, 1917.

My aunt Helen lives on State St., Trenton. My mother asked me if I should go to see her on Easter Sunday, and I told her that we would have many visitors and I would like to talk with them.

My mother did not come to see me on Easter because she had to take care of my sister Edith who is sick, but she sent a box of nice things. I am glad that spring is here.

H. B.

I am learning photo-engraving now and like it very much.

George Hummel and I went to the Park near the Delaware River yesterday. We felt cool but when we went to the city it was very warm.

We saw many soldiers on State Street yesterday afternoon. We went to visit the Armory. Many soldiers have their beds in it. I think that they want 200 more soldiers. They must be very brave and help our country. Maybe they will go to Europe. But first, Congress must tell them whether we will have war or peace.

P. J.

The spring is already here and of course we are glad.

A new pupil came to this school last Thursday. Her name is Helen McMickle.

I received a letter last Saturday from my brother John. He said he thought there will be war this week from what the papers say. I hope he was mistaken.

We greatly hope that the European war will cease this year.

Miss Ethel Collins visited us yesterday.

Mr. Byer is no longer the boys' supervisor but Mr. Conley has filled his place.

Since I came here last January the days seem to have flown by very fast and I hope they will continue to do till I get home.

M. S.

Oh, I am glad that my baby brother can

walk all over and perhaps I will not have to give him many rides next summer.

Day before yesterday was my mother's birthday.

Irene Humphries's birthday was the same day.

Mr. Walker talked to us in the assembly-room last Sunday evening and were interested in what he said.

I think I shall go home soon.

I think my brother will come here sometime this week. I shall be glad if he comes here to see me sometime tomorrow. I shall stay home one week.

I shall help Victor Huff sell candy and keep the store. I shall be glad to go home to see him for Easter and I shall be glad to get some eggs for Easter. I shall be glad to go home and go hunting and fishing. I shall stay home and go fishing. I like to eat fish.

I. A.

I received a letter from home last week and my sister told me that my aunt is very sick in bed. She has the grip.

My birthday will be April 11th. I shall be fourteen years old.

E. F.

Jessie Casterline's brother John and Gladys Howell and Hazel Bowly and Gladys' parents came to see Jessie and me two weeks ago Sunday in their auto. Jessie and I were very glad to see them. They visited the school rooms. They took us to ride in their auto in the country. It was a long way. We enjoyed ourselves very much. I hope they will come again.

They want me to go to see them in Dover, N. J., next summer.

Jessie is expecting me to come to see her next summer and I would like to go there and I may.

Jessie thinks she will come to see me in Woodbury next summer.

M. MCK.

I am very sorry about the war. I pity the soldiers who are going to war with Germany. I hope the United States will win and not Germany.

E. T.

The regular literary meeting of the Vail Literary Society was held in our chapel Saturday evening, March 31. It was a great success. The subject was, "Resolved, that the bachelors are more extravagant than the married men." Ruth Ramshaw and Anna Campbell were on the affirmative side and Roy Hapward and Vito Dondiego appeared for the negative side. The latter won the victory by a score of 8 to 7 points. Marion Apgar gave a good story entitled, "Mary Wright and her British Soldier," and Patrick Agnew had a declamation which was good. Mr. Ragna gave the critic's report and he said all did very well. Several members told good stories and little jokes.

J. D.

I was glad to work out of our school at the office of the Crescent Printing Co. I have had steady work for one month, and I have steady work now.

One day Mr. Stowell, my employer, asked me if I would like to work and board with him during my vacation. He said that he will be very busy during the summer.

R. MCK.

I wish I could go to the war and help my country. If I could I would be very happy to help our soldiers. I love the United States.

M. A.

We were surprised to hear that Vallie Gunn is married to Mr. Pace. We were very much

pleased when they came here last week. I spent the day with Vallie and took her to see our school and industries.

Yesterday afternoon, Miss Bergen went to the city with me and bought a dark green spring coat, spring hat, and a dark green silk dress for me. I was very much pleased with them.

R. R.

My father has a live raccoon at home, which my uncle brought from McAllen, Texas. He was at the Mexican border. I hope that raccoon will become tame so I can play with it when I get home.

If the deaf are required to go to war with Germany for our country, I want to be an aviator or an ambulance driver. I should prefer to being an aviator to being an ambulance driver.

G. H.

The members of the Silent Worker base-ball team went down town Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and got an order of base-ball caps, and shoes with spikes, and each member chose a bat for use in every game.

The Silent Workers will go to Hightstown to play base-ball with the Hightstown High School nine while the S. W. Juniors will play with the Mercer Jrs. on the school diamond on Saturday afternoon, April 14th, for the first baseball game of the season.

L. O.

Last Sunday was a pretty and bright day. My brother-in-law took my brother Tony to ride in his automobile, but I was not in it. He enjoyed riding during the afternoon. I think he will take me to ride soon and I hope so.

Last Friday evening, the army marched on Hamilton Avenue and when they passed some one heard the band and told the boys that they marched, so we ran to see them. They held the guns on their shoulders and when I saw them marching I wanted to go to war with them.

I know the girls were crazy to buy new dresses, shoes and hats for Easter and wanted to go to Atlantic City and stroll on the boardwalk to show their stylish dresses.

V. D.

Mr. Ragna taught our class Agriculture, how to plant and grow the seeds. We broke the ground and Alfred Shaw digged the ground with the spade a long time. The spade could not go through the ground. It struck something. I picked up a shell near our barn. It was awfully rusty. William Felts saved it to wash off the rust. The shell was cleaned, and we showed it to Mr. Walker. We think that the shell came from Kingsland, N. J. You remember the Kingsland, N. J., works blew up last January. A. S.

Last week I helped Miss Hall paste some postal cards together to send to some poor children in Virginia. Last Friday I skated on roller skates in the gymnasium, and I fell and hurt my wrist. It was painful. I feel better now.

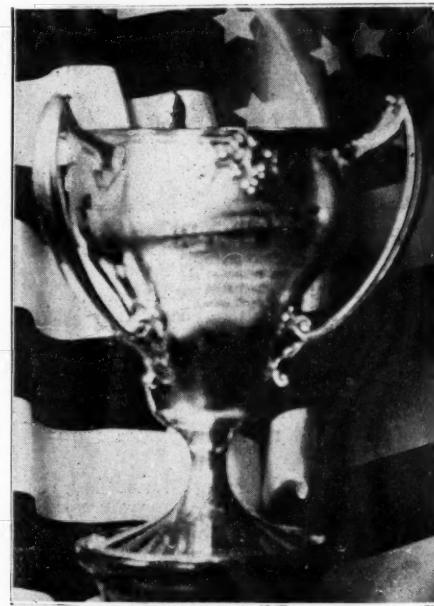
E. L.

MR. WALKER'S BIRTHDAY

On the morning of April the fifth, something unusual was going on in the chapel of the school. The room was filled with eager pupils and teachers and the attendance made it certain that something was going to happen. As soon as Mr. Walker made his appearance for his usual morning lecture, he was almost dazed at seeing such a sight and after he recovered from his shock, he was happily reminded of his natal day. Instead of being permitted to make

his intended speech, he was courteously led to a chair in the middle of the platform. The pupils took advantage of the occasion and showered him with congratulations. At this stage of the event, a speech was made in the sign language by Frank Hoppaugh, one of the pupils, who is taking a post-graduate course here, and it was as follows:

"Mr. Walker, as this is your birthday, here we are to honor you, our beloved and faithful friend after many years of your tender kindness and service in educating the deaf. Your love to us all, from childhood to manhood and womanhood proves true, and we, too, still have our hearts full of love to you. When we heard of your resignation as Superintendent of this school, we felt sorry over your absence from us, but we all are happy and pleased to see you retained as Principal and we hope that you will always be around us and your name will always be remembered by us all."



Silver Loving Cup Presented to Mr. Walker
by the Pupils

"Now we, the pupils of this school, present you a beautiful silver loving cup and a silk American flag as a token of esteem and love. It shows that we all never forget your birthday, and after many different presentations to you in past years, we thought the 1917 presentation is the best of all as it is the most beautiful and we expect you to have these with you as long as you live."

"With the best wishes and a happy birthday from all."

After the speech, the school drum corps started to play and the pupils saluted the beautiful flag presented.

Mr. Walker made a little speech of thankfulness to all and hoped us success in the world after our finished school terms.

FRED CIAMPAGLIA.

SURPRISE PARTY GIVEN TO MR. WALKER

On the evening of Tuesday April 3, a surprise party was given to our beloved principal, John P. Walker, in honor of his 66th birthday which was on April 5. The teachers and other officers met at the hospital building and at 7:30 proceeded to Mr. Walker's residence on Monmouth Street, carrying along a big birthday cake and some refreshments. Mr. Walker was completely surprised. The gift of the teachers and officers was a beautiful gold locket for his watch fob. All gathered in the study room and Mr. Walker was given a seat in the midst of his friends, Mr. George S. Porter delivered a neat little presentation speech and Mr. Walker responded. The officers enjoyed themselves the rest of the evening by tell-

ing stories, playing games, or admiring the carved woodwork, oil paintings and the many excellent books in the library.

Refreshments were then served consisting among other things of ice cream of which there was more than enough, cake, cookies and candy. The hours were ticked off fast and soon the old clock in the hall pointed 11 o'clock. The teachers and officers again exchanged greetings and hopes for future years with Mr. Walker as they departed, marking the end of a perfect day.

R.

OUR VISIT TO THE STATE MUSEUM

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Sharp took our classes for a visit to the State Museum in the Capitol.

We were shown various birds and their nests which Mr. Sharp explained to us; he also explained their methods of building their nests.

We were also shown the animals of New Jersey in a case. Most of these animals were fur-bearing such as the muskrat, skunk and raccoon.

Some of the Indians relics found in New Jersey were exhibited in one case and curious stones in another.

We were shown fishes, turtles and lizards found in the waters of New Jersey and on the coast. We were very much interested also in the water animals.

The textile manufactures of New Jersey combined with the brick and pottery industries were on exhibition.

The industries of Trenton, such as pottery, bricks, rubber and rubber tires were exhibited in one case.

We also were interested in the false weights and measures and the fake patent medicine.

Exhibitions of the printing trade of the Trenton Times, with copies of reports, type, and linotype slugs, were also shown.

After seeing everything of interest and things which would help us acquire more knowledge of nature, we returned.

R. VAN SICKLE.

SHOEMAKING DEPARTMENT

The boys who work in the shoe factories in Newark say they are making good salaries and that they like the work very much. Those who do repair work are doing well.

Walter Whitten's father and mother often say that Walter can do a nice repair job, and are very much pleased that he learned that branch here in the school.

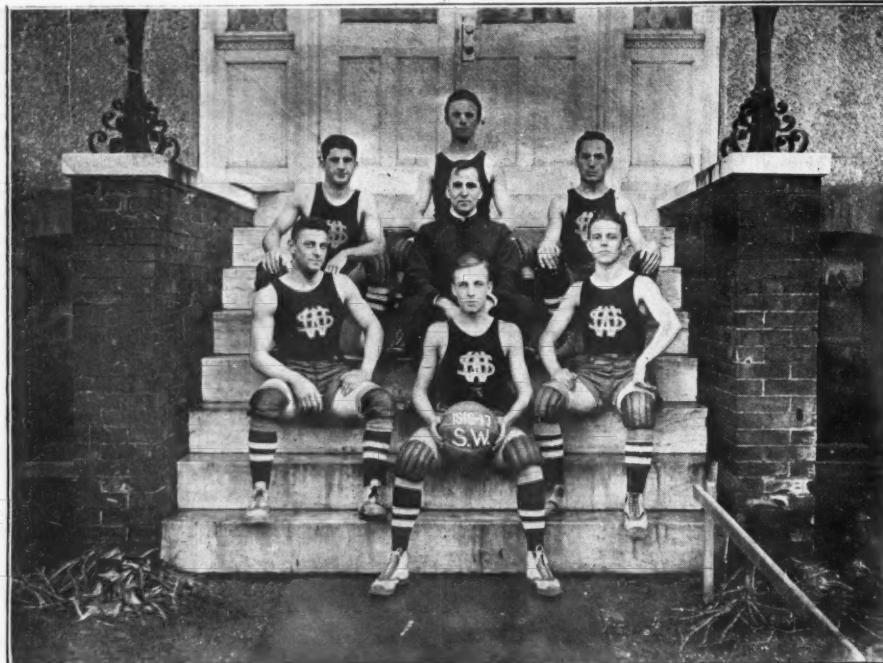
We are very thankful to the legislators and the Appropriations Committee for the appropriation of money for a line of machines that will be of great educational benefit to our boys. We will try to have the machines in place by the opening of school in the Fall. It will give our department a look of progress.

When Elias Scudder gets through repairing a pair of shoes they look as nice and are repaired as well as one could wish for.

Elton Williams says that he does not want to make any more new shoes. He says he is tired of it. Well, Elton, all right, you have made a good many pairs and we will excuse you.

George Piasceski and Anthony Gronshuski have both taken up making new shoes. They made a very good start. Both had a pair under way the same day and they look very nice too.

Mathew Gronkowski and Michael Morello like to race each other while at their work, much to the satisfaction of their instructor. You can learn to do good work and at the same time try to get your work done ahead of the other fellow. First learn to do your work well and then get speed.



THE SILENT WORKER SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Top—A. W. Shaw, F.

Middle Left to Right:—F. Ciampaglia, G; Manager N. Byer; V. Dondiego, G.
Bottom Left to Right:—Coach G. Gompers, G; Capt. R. McClelland, C; L. Pease, F.**SILENT WORKER SRS. WIN 9 OUT OF 18 GAMES PLAYED**

Winning half of their games of a schedule which was the hardest ever had by any team of our School, the '16-'17 team deserves much praise and credit. Most of the games were played on strange floors and with A. A. U. rules as a handicap. Each player did his best and played in harmony with his fellow players. Most of the games lost were lost with a very small margin. The Judea, Adelphi, Wilbur Y. M. C. A., Alumni, South River and Art School games were all closely fought for and there was only one or two points difference at the end of the game.

S. W. Srs. 1916-17 Record

Silent Worker Srs.—9	Young Judea—8
Silent Worker Srs.—24	Moax Club—8
Silent Worker Srs.—25	Adelphia Club—21
Silent Worker Srs.—35	Pennington Sem'y—54
Silent Worker Srs.—11	Bordentown M. I.—20
Silent Worker Srs.—22	Central Y. M. C. A.—44
Silent Worker Srs.—42	Rider Moore—18
Silent Worker Srs.—52	Garnets—6
Silent Worker Srs.—16	Trenton H. S.—52
Silent Worker Srs.—26	Wilbur Y. M. C. A.—30
Silent Worker Srs.—24	Lincoln Alumni—7
Silent Worker Srs.—16	Franklin Alumni—47
Silent Worker Srs.—57	C. Y. M. C.—15
Silent Worker Srs.—26	Original S. W.—23
Silent Worker Srs.—21	South River H. S.—25
Silent Worker Srs.—44	Garnets—11
Silent Worker Srs.—14	Mt. Airy School—24
Silent Worker Srs.—28	Art School—34

Total Points 492 Total Points 447

S. W. Srs. Individual Records

	Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Pease, F.	88	68	244
Shaw, F.	51	40	142
McClelland, C.	19	2	40
Dondiego, F.	18	0	36
Gompers, G.	8	2	18
Ciampaglia, G.	3	0	6
Byer,	2	0	4
Hapward,	1	0	2

McClelland as captain and centre put up a fine steady game throughout the season. He is a clean player and held his own with all opponents.

to break up the opposing side's team work.

Dondiego at guard played a grand game. He was sure to guard his man and also make a few points on his own accord.

Silent Worker Srs. Finish Season with a Defeat by Art School

In a game which was marked by close playing and dazzling passing the Art School with a rush at the close of the game managed to beat us with the score of 4-28. With but three minutes to play and leading 22-21, we were beaten in one of the greatest finishes of the season. Shaw and Pease starred in shooting while Gompers held the mighty Rieman with but one goal. Ciampaglia and McClelland also put up a fine game. Rieman and Miller played like demons and it was mostly Rieman's passing that led to our defeat. The score:—

SILENT WORKERS SENIORS

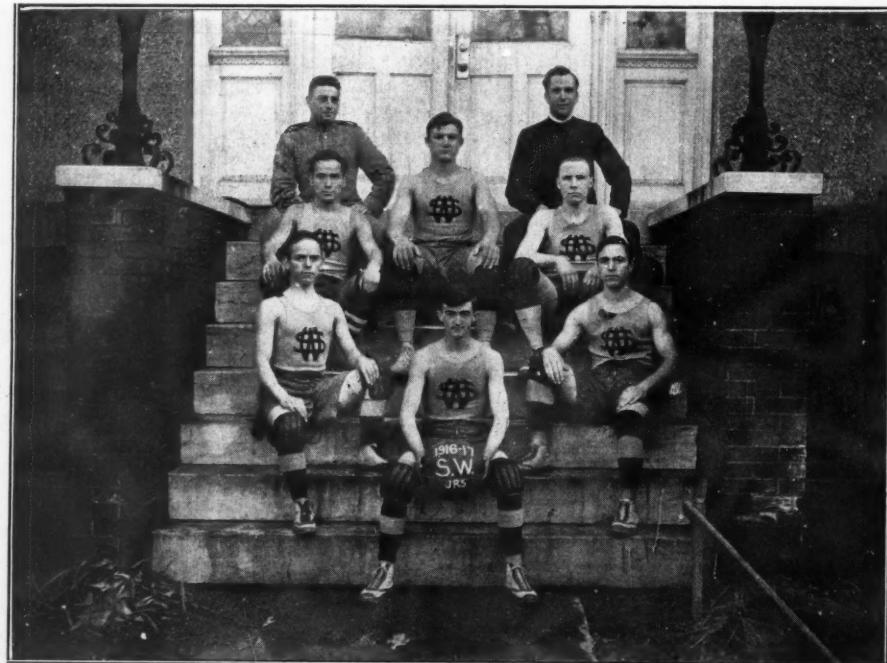
	G.	F.G.	P.
Shaw, F.	7	4	18
Pease, F.	5	0	10
McClelland, C.	0	0	0
Gompers, G.	0	0	0
Ciampaglia, G.	0	0	0
—	—	—	—
Total.....	12	4	28

ART SCHOOL

	G.	F.G.	P.
Reiman, F.	1	10	12
Martin, F.	2	0	4
Wallinan, C&F.	2	0	4
Anderson, C.	0	0	0
Wilson, G.	2	0	0
Miller, G.	5	0	10
—	—	—	—
Total.....	12	10	34

Junior Team wins 11 out of 14 Games Played

The Junior team finished the season with the fine record of winning 11 out of 14 games. They were beaten once on their own floor, by the Speed Boys, and by the Calvary Tigers and Mt. Airy Jrs., on foreign floors. The Speed Boys defeated them by only two points, the score being 17 to 15.



THE SILENT WORKER JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Upper Left to Right:—Coach G. K. S. Gompers and Manager N. Byer.

Middle Left to Right:—V. Dondiego, F; G. Piasceski, C; J. Davison, G.

Bottom Left to Right:—P. Jerrell, G; Capt. F. Hopbaugh, F; R. Hapward, F.

In this game they were defeated by poor foul shooting, Captain Hoppaugh being laid up with a sprained ankle and no one could capably fill his place as he is a star on the 8 ft. mark. The Calvary Tigers game was lost by only three points, the score being 8 to 5. This was the first game on a strange floor and the Tigers guarded very closely. The Tiger team won the city championship for Junior teams. In the game with Mt. Airy our Junior Team were outclassed as their opponents were much heavier and had a system of passing which was a puzzle. This game was lost by the score of 29 to 16.

The hardest game of the season was with the Silent Triangles of Newark. This game required an extra five minute period and the final score was 18-17 in our favor.

S. W. Jrs. 1916-7 Record

Silent Worker Jrs.—8	Young Judea Jrs.—5
Silent Worker Jrs.—27	Troop No. 20 B. S.—9
Silent Worker Jrs.—17	Troop No. 20 B. S.—9
Silent Worker Jrs.—5	Calvary Tigers—8
Silent Worker Jrs.—15	Boys Scouts—10
Silent Worker Jrs.—50	Rider Moore Jrs.—8
Silent Worker Jrs.—8	C3 High School—5
Silent Worker Jrs.—27	C3 High School—5
Silent Worker Jrs.—18	Silent Triangles—17
Silent Worker Jrs.—24	Speed Boys—11
Silent Worker Jrs.—16	Mt. Airy Jrs.—27
Silent Worker Jrs.—15	Speed Boys—17
Silent Worker Jrs.—21	Art School Jrs.—5
Silent Worker Jrs.—26	Chambersburg Jrs.—6

Total Points 277

Total Points 142

Players' Individual Record

	Games	Goals	F. G.	Points
R. Hopward, F.	11	23	16	62
F. Hoppaugh, F.	7	10	34	54
J. Davison, G.	12	12	18	42
V. Dondiego, F.	8	17	0	34
P. Jerrell, G.	12	13	0	26
F. Ciampaglia, F.	6	6	9	21
L. Pease,	1	9	0	18
G. Piaceski, C.	6	5	0	10
A. Shaw,	1	4	0	8
P. Agnew	1	1	0	2

S. W. Jrs. Individual Players

F. Hoppaugh as captain of the team played a fine game at forward and by his excellent foul shooting saved many a game. His team was handicapped on many occasions by his absence, as he broke a metacarpal bone in the first game of the season and sprained his ankle during the last minute of play in a later game.

R. Hopward was the leading point earning man on the team. He has a sure eye for the basket and is lightning fast on his feet.

P. Jerrell played a good game at guard, holding many of his opponents without a score.

J. Davison, at guard, had no equal. He was in every play, in every scrimmage and besides his floorwork, he was an asset to the foul shooting department.

G. Piaceski, at centre, was a Gibraltar. This was his first year in basketball and with more experience he will develop into a wonder. He is only 16 years of age, weighs 180 lbs and has outjumped all of his opponents but is a bit slow as a floorworker.

F. Ciampaglia and V. Dondiego played such good ball with the Juniors that they were immediately given a place on the Senior team and it is needless to say that they held their own and made good.

Shaw, Pease and Angew helped out in the emergencies.



THE SILENT WORKER GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Top row, Left to Right—A. Klepper, G; R. Ramshaw, F; Manager A. Hales;

K. McKeon, G; M. Lotz, G.

Bottom row, Left to Right—P. Renton, C; E. Tussey, G; Captain J. Casterline, F;

L. Leaming, F.

The Trenton High School girls beat the Silent Worker girls in a very interesting match played on our floor on Tuesday afternoon March 27. A very noticeable feature of the game was the fine passing of the High School girls and although our girls lost, it was excellent practice for them. The score:—

TRENTON HIGH SCHOOL

	G.	F. G.	F.	P.
Anderson, F.	7	0	0	14
Banner, F.	5	1	0	11
Groziano, F.	4	1	0	9
Hughes, F.	0	0	0	0
Burns, C.	0	0	2	0
Blickenderfer, G.	0	0	0	0
Franzoni, G.	0	0	0	0
	16	2	2	34

SILENT WORKERS

	G.	F. G.	F.	P.
Casterline, F.	5	2	1	12
Leaming, F.	3	0	4	6
Renton, C.	0	0	6	0
McKeon, G.	0	0	0	0
Lotz, G.	0	0	3	0
Tussey, G.	0	0	2	0
	8	2	16	18

Referees—Miss Jacoby and Alfred Shaw. Scorer—Hummel.

The baseball season opened in grand style Monday afternoon, April 2 at 4 o'clock, with a most thrilling game between our boy bat-artists and a carefully selected team of "has-beens," i. e. the gentlemanly officers and teachers of the school. Much to the surprise of everybody including themselves, the officers won. Though the victorious team honored the superintendent to the extent of bearing his name, he had not the heart to increase the risk of the defeat that was anticipated by participating in the game. Consequently he takes much of the glory of the victory to himself for his self-denial. The score was as follows:—Kilpatrick, 9;

Walker, 2. The officers were helped in winning the game by having Charles Otis, ex-semi-professional pitcher and Gompers, an ex-Fanwood catcher.

Altho sadly in need of practice, and playing in a losing game, our girls' S. W. basketball team showed excellent team work and a marked improvement in every direction, in their game with the Y. W. C. A. girls on Thursday, March 22. With May Lotz and Ruth Ramshaw as guards, there were rub many chances for the other girls to make as many baskets as they might have. Jessie Casterline and Lillian Leaming were left to "shoot" and "shoot" they did, every time. Tho' fouled were made by all the girls and their score not the largest, their spirit was excellent.

HISTORY OF BASKETBALL

Basketball's twenty-fifth anniversary finds the game flourishing as never before, and crowding baseball and track athletics for popular favor. It was just a quarter of a century ago, January 15, 1892, that the first match game of basketball was played, in Springfield, Mass., between two class teams of the Y. M. C. A. Training School. The sport was invented by Dr. James A. Naismith, then of the Springfield institution, but now of the University of Kansas. It is estimated that at least a quarter of a million persons now play basketball as members of regular clubs, and the sport has spread all over the United States and Canada, and to Europe, South Africa and the Far East. In the early days of the game there were as many as twenty men on a side, but since 1896 there have been five to a team. The rules have been standardized of late years, and basketball in its improved form, promises to become the great indoor sport.—*Chronicle Telegraph*.

A promise lightly given, is yet more lightly broken. Weigh well your promises, and there will be fewer "broken words."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry, the well known fiction writers have moved from Venice to Hollywood, California. Mrs. Terry has just finished several short stories for publication in magazines for the hearing.

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

Conducted by Frances H. Porter



HUNTING EASTER EGG

On Saturday before Easter Anna's mother bought some eggs. She also bought some dye.

She put the eggs into the dye and colored them.

Some of the eggs were red, some were blue, some were purple, some were brown and some were yellow.

She went into the yard and hid the eggs.

She put some into the grass, some under bushes and some under the edge of the porch.

Then she told Anna to invite her friends to come and hunt the eggs.

Anna's friends came. They hunted all over the yard.

They found all the eggs. They had a good time.

They thanked Anna's mother. Then they went home.—Ex.

EASTER SUNDAY

Long time ago when Christ lived on the earth, there were some wicked kings who did not like him. They were jealous of him because he could do so many wonderful things.

These kings did not want Christ to live so one Friday they had him nailed to a cross. When he was dead they laid him in a new tomb in a garden near by.

The next Sunday three good women went to watch at his tomb; but an angel told them that Jesus was gone. He had risen from the dead and had gone to heaven to be King over all forever.

A long time ago Christ arose from the dead on Easter Sunday.

Every year we have an Easter Sunday to make us think that Christ died for us.

Now he lives for us in his beautiful home called heaven.

EASTER DAY

Sunday is Easter Sunday.

Easter means rising.

Christ rose from the dead on that day.

Easter comes on different days each year.

It may come as early as March 22 and as late as April 25.

It all depends on the moon.

It always falls upon the first Sunday after the first full moon occurring after March 21.

For a hundred years past Easter has fallen from one to four times on every date between March 22 and April 25 except March 24.

It has been skipping March 24 for a hundred years.

Isn't this strange?

EASTER

Easter is a happy time. We love it because it means life and Jesus awoke from death on that day, many years ago. We have always celebrated that day and everyone is happy.

Before Jesus' resurrection, people celebrated that day.

It meant that all animals, trees and grass awoke from their long winter's sleep and people were happy.

On Easter Sunday, churches are decorated with bright flowers and pretty songs are sung.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY

A long time ago the people in the world were very wicked. They did not love and obey God. God wanted to save the people. He sent His only son Jesus into the world. Jesus became a babe. He grew up. He was good and obedient. He never sinned. He taught people about God. Many of them believed Him and loved Him.

Some wicked men crucified Jesus. He was buried in a cave. On the third day He rose from the dead. He stayed on the earth for forty days. He then went up to Heaven. He is in Heaven now. He was crucified on Good Friday. He rose from the dead on Easter Sunday morning.—Ex.

JOHNNIE'S EASTER EGGS

One day Fred found a dozen eggs in the hen house. He asked his mamma to let him have them for Easter. His mamma said he might.

Fred boiled them. Then he and his sister May got their paint boxes. They painted the eggs different colors.

Easter morning mamma got a pretty little basket and put the eggs in it. Fred and May put on their hats and carried the basket to Johnnie's home.

Johnnie was Fred's classmate. His mamma was very poor. He was surprised to get the Easter eggs. He divided them with his little brother and sister.

A HUMMING BIRD'S NEST

Did you ever see a humming bird's nest? The birds are very small and their nest is small too. They build their nest in the branches of a tree and cover it outside with the lichens from the tree. It looks so much like the tree branch, that it is very hard to find a nest. Their eggs are tiny white eggs not much larger than a pea. We had some pet humming birds last summer. They flew around us and would float in the air under hose spray when we watered the lawn.—Canadian.

THE BLUE JAY

Did you ever see a blue jay? Blue jays are handsome birds. They are a little larger than robins. They are almost all blue with a little gray and white. They are not nice birds.

Once, a long time ago, I had a smart gray cat. Sometimes she caught birds. The blue jays did not like her and they often flew at her and pecked her. She grew tired of being troubled by the blue jays. One day she lay down on the ground and kept very still, all but her tail. It moved just a little. There were a lot of blue jays in an oak tree above her. They flew about and scolded and pecked her, but she lay quite still. Then pussy jumped up very suddenly and caught a bird that was teasing her. She

killed it and ate it. The other birds sat in the tree and scolded but they never troubled my pussy again.—Mt. Airy World.

ABOUT THE BIRDS

All the winter the birds have been far away in the South, because it was warm there and they could get food.

Now they are coming back again. Are you glad to see them?

At one time, some people were not glad to see them. These people were farmers. "The birds eat up our corn," they said "They eat our wheat. They eat our seeds and cherries. They are a great trouble to us. We will drive them all away. Not one bird shall stay here."

One man loved the birds. He wanted to save them. "The birds do not eat many of your seeds," he said, "It is the bugs and worms. The birds help you. They are your friends. Think how pretty they are. Think how sweetly they sing. You may hear them every morning. It is always morning somewhere. You must be kind to the birds. If you are not kind, your children will not be gentle. God made the birds. He loves them. We must love them too." The people did not care what the kind man said. They drove all the birds away.

THE WIND

The wind blows the leaves and the branches of the trees. We can see the leaves blow and the branches move, but we cannot see the wind. We feel it on our faces. The air is all around us, but we cannot see through it. We breathe it all the time.

Water, sunshine, and air all help us to live. The wind works for us. It helps to sail the boats at sea. It blows the seeds off the plants. It turns the windmills around and does many other things. The wind plays with the children, too. It blows off their caps and hats and rolls them over and over. It blows the boys' kites up high and sails their toy boats.

North wind brings us cold weather.
South wind brings us warm weather.
West wind brings us bright sunshine.
East wind brings rain.

ABOUT BIRDS

There are many different kinds of birds. They are covered with feathers.

Some are very small. A humming-bird is the tiniest. Others are quite large.

A condor is the biggest bird that can fly. An ostrich is much stronger.

It is a huge bird but it can not fly.

1. Have you seen a humming bird?
2. Did you ever see an ostrich?
3. With what are all birds covered?
4. What is the littlest bird?
5. Which is the largest?
6. Can it fly?
7. Do you know where the condor lives?



TREES

Why should we plant trees?
Trees make shade.
Trees give wood to burn.
Trees give lumber for houses.
Trees give fruit.
Trees give nuts.
Trees make the air pure.
Trees make the world beautiful.

FROG AND TOADS

Frogs and toads sleep in the earth all winter. In the spring the mother lays a great many eggs in the water. The eggs look like jelly. Tadpoles come from the eggs. They have tails but no feet. They can swim very well. After a while they lose their tails and their legs grow. Frogs have web feet but toads do not. Frogs and toads have long hind legs. They can jump. They eat bugs.

A WINDMILL IN MARCH

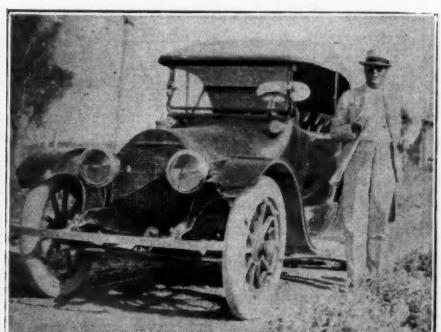
One day I said to the March wind, "Blow, wind, blow!" I wanted the wind to blow the windmills round to do so many useful things.

By and by I said, "Go mill, go, that the corn may be ground." The baker will take the cornmeal and bake some good things for our supper.

Holland is a great country for windmills. In one city there are 400 windmills.



Miss Emma Atkinson—Member of the Local Committee on Arrangements for the N. A. D. Convention at Hartford



W. E. Dudley, of El Paso, Texas, and his Cadillac 8. Roadster. When the Revolution broke out in Mexico in 1910, the Dudley Brothers came to El Paso and have since then been connected with The Texas Bank and Trust Co. and other prominent business firms in the city.

JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND

COMMITTEE

George S. Porter, Chairman
John Black Mrs. M. Glynn
W. Atkinson Charles Casella

Bulletin No. 18

Columbus Lodge No. 120 F. and A. M.	\$10.00
Mr. John P. Walker	5.00
A Friend	5.00
Mr. Samuel Frankenheim	2.50
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter	2.00
Mr. A. L. Pach	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hummer	2.00
*Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hunt	2.00
Mr. David Simmons	2.00
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Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman	1.00
Mr. Anthony Capelli	1.00
Mr. Albert V. Ballin	1.00
Mr. B. H. Sharp	1.00
Miss Mary R. Wood	1.00
Mr. George F. Morris	1.00
Miss Bertha Bilbee	1.00
Mr. Walter Throckmorton	1.00
Mr. W. W. Beadell	1.00
Mr. Frank E. Mesick	1.00
Mr. Miles Sweeney	1.00
Mr. Peter W. Pace	1.00
James Carrigan	1.00
Mrs. Lewondorka	1.00
Mrs. Mendres	1.00
Adolph Kronkenberger	1.00
Wallace Cook	1.00
*Mrs. Grace Worcester	1.00
Mr. A. Steiner	1.00
Miss Mary Somers	1.00
Dr. Elmer Barwis	1.00
Miss Rosa Schmidt	1.00
Miss Ethel Collins	.50
Mr. Albert Titus	.50
Mr. Charles Jones	.50
Miss Catherine Smith	.50
Mr. F. W. Meiken	.50
Mr. William H. Reymann	.25
Thomas Kelly	.25
Through Mildred Henemier	.25
Through Peter Brede	12.50
Through Arthur R. Smith	2.40
Through Mrs. M. L. Glynn	6.00
Through George Bedford	1.60
Through Charles Casella	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through John M. Black	9.70
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through William Atkinson	9.00
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
Through Mrs. M. L. Glynn, \$7.00	
(Not yet deposited with the Custodian)	
C. J. Dixon	.50
J. L. Hayes	.50
John H. Goor	.50
R. C. Hanet	.25
Cash	.25
Cash	.05
Howell O. Young	.15
William F. Long	.25
H. Hatowsky	.25
V. E. Pachette	.10
Mr. Ehues	.05
C. Weimuth	.10
A. E. Poline	.10
E. B. Earnest	.10
V. Anderson	.25
B. Metzner	.25
R. Fischel	.10
Frank Winters	.25
Chas. Sanford	.25
Peter F. Reddington	.25
A. J. McLaren	.10
Miss E. Brewer	.15
H. Holmes	.25
John A. Luke	.25
H. Hanneman	.20
Chas. E. Parlikee	.10
James E. McKenna	.10
W. B. Taylor	.25
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gilbert	.50
Mr. William Meisinger	.25
Mrs. G. Schielafter	.25
Herbert C. Liebert, Jr.	.25
C. W. Fetscher	.25
Total to date	\$120.05
*Pledges	

All contributions will be acknowledged in the Bulletins that follow.

Up to date the following bids have been received:

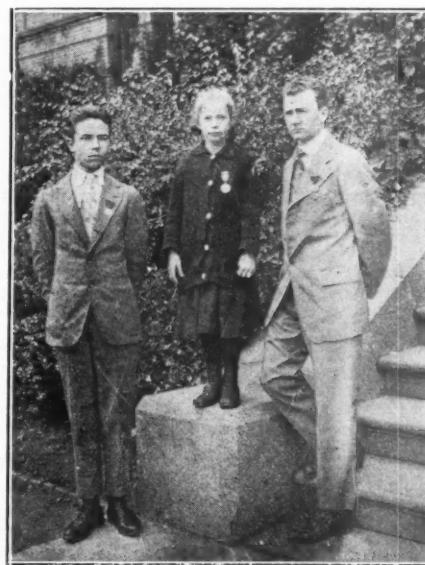
1. Mr. Jacques Alexander, Life-size Pastel Portrait, \$125.00
2. Mr. Albert V. Ballin, Life-size Pastel Portrait, for only what the materials cost him.

3. Mr. A. L. Pach, Life-size Portrait \$50.00. Mr. Pach suggests the creating of a Jenkins's Memorial Prize Fund for the benefit of the pupils of the New Jersey School.
4. Mr. Elmer Hannan, 18"x25" bronze tablet with portrait of Mr. Jenkins and such an amount of letterings to record his praiseworthy deeds, \$185.00

Other artists are invited to bid. Ideas and suggestions will be gladly received by the undersigned.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey



Winners of California Association of the Deaf, Medals of Honor. Left to right: Robert Wepham, silver medal; Esther Anderson, bronze medal; Oscar Guire, gold medal.



"FORD'S DOVES OF PEACE"
E. E. Morton at the San Diego Exposition

A painter lived about 300 years ago, who though deaf from birth, gained fame as an artist. He was a native of Germany by the name of Wolfgang Heimbach. When he was grown up, he traveled through the Netherlands and Italy, where the principal schools of painters of those years flourished. He was quite successful, especially in Italy. In 1645, the Pope sat to him for his portrait. Later, he became court painter to King Frederick III., of Denmark. After having lived in Denmark, Heimbach returned to his native town of Oldenburg, where he spent the remaining years of his life. A number of his paintings are found in several of the galleries in Europe, especially in Italy.—*California News*.

THE SILENT WORKER

EXCHANGE



Tink Nitz, who got hold of an expert book about personal magnetism, the first of the week, picked up a tack with one of his bare feet Friday night.—Leslie Van Every in Egg View Notes.



Sound Advice If You Haven't Taken the Sawdust Trail Yet

"Look yur, Stranger!" admonished Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus, Ark., who was in Tumlinville on a shopping expedition, "If you don't belong to the church you'd better sorter keep away from that mule's heels. If you've got anything to say to him say it to his face."—Judge.



Jack Still at Large

One afternoon last week some of the pupils on the west side of the school building could see a white jack rabbit basking in the sun. It was on its haunches in front of a snow-drift, its long white ears flat on its back, evidently to keep them warm. Why it chose that place for an afternoon siesta has not been explained yet. At the first opportunity some of the boys got a large box trap and set it where Jack had enjoyed his afternoon nap, but up to this day the rabbit still enjoys the freedom of the country. There seems to be plenty of rabbits in the country, but they are so scarce around here that only two have been caught by the boys this winter. Lately, however, we have seen many rabbit tracks on our grounds and on the road to the south. Has the deep snow all over driven them to town in search of food?—North Dakota Banner.

Jack isn't as easy as a deaf-mute faker. Takes some real detective work to get him.



Mr. Edwin Stanley Thompson, teacher of geography in the upper classes of the Mt. Airy school for the deaf has been made a member of the National Council of Geography Teachers. Mr. Thompson is a member of the National Geographic Society. He has traveled extensively in both this country and Europe, and is a writer on geographic topics.—Silent Hoosier.

Mr. Thompson would dignify any profession in which he chose to enlist, as he certainly does ours.



Lloyd George's Uncle

Among the sublime mysteries of life, is there any one greater than the hidden force that makes men do the noblest acts, not alone without hope of material reward, but often with disaster and ruin to themselves? Of this there is no more striking example than the uncle of Lloyd George, who says of him:

My uncle never married and he set himself the task of educating the children of his sister as a sacred and supreme duty. To this duty he gave his time, his energy and all his money.

This humble shoemaker had no means of knowing in advance that the boy with whom he spent long hours struggling over French verbs, and for whom he freely gave his last shilling, was one day to be prime minister of England, upon whom millions and millions of human beings were to lean in the world's greatest war. He gave his all, freely, without knowing why. Surely from our petty, little, human, bickering, selfish point of view this is a great mystery.—Country Gentleman.



The other night a light was seen burning in the President's study in the White House at a very late hour. Watchful newspapermen camped out in the White House Executive offices noted the light and pondered its purpose. On and on into the night the light burned—until 1 A.M., when it suddenly was extinguished and the White House reported: "The President has retired."

The next morning the newspapers reported the incident, adding that "it is rumored" the President was working on a document for presentation to Congress immediately relative to the international situation. Everyone got excited over the incident and finally it became necessary to find out just what caused the President to stay up so late. It wasn't difficult. It seems the President is a detective-story fan. He got in the middle of a particularly perplexing yarn that night and it took him until 1 A.M. to unravel the mystery to the extent that he could go to bed and sleep.

That was one on the newspapermen.—Trenton Times.



How Some Deaf People are Making Good and Others May

Adams S. Hewetson, of Riverside, California, won the highest prize for his display at the National Orange Show.—Washingtonian.

Alpha W. Patterson, '14 graduate of Gallaudet College, is editor and joint owner of the Lincoln News, and is said to be getting out a bright, newsy weekly that is winning the favor of the community.—Ohio Chronicle.

Toledo's most efficient deaf-mute is Miss Elsie Lang, employee of the National Bank of Commerce.

Miss Lang lost her hearing when she was three years old. She was graduated from the school for the deaf at Columbus in 1910. She has been employed in the bank for six years. She is in the transit department, runs the adding machine, writes, copies and mails checks.—Ohio Chronicle.

Guy Miller, who rents a stock farm at Weyauwega, is progressing slowly but surely along the lines of building up a herd of blooded stock. He has already been receiving fancy prices for some of his animals. Recently he purchased a registered Guernsey heifer whose grandsire was sold for \$1000. He has been offered \$350 for his fine Guernsey bull but refused the price. Mr. Miller early showed a predilection in this direction and his friends are glad to know that he is realizing the ambition of his youth.—Wisconsin Times.



One on the Card Index

There's a satirical little story going the rounds according to which a visitor was being shown about by the head of the up-to-date business house.

"Who is that dapper youth at the glass-topped desk?" he asked.

"That is the superintendent of the card index system. He keeps an index showing where the index cases are."

"Who is the young man with gray gaiters and the efficient ears?"

"He keeps an index showing the length of time it takes to index the indexes."

"Who is the girl with the golden hair?"

"She decides under what index an index to the index of the filing cabinets shall be placed."

"And who is the gray-haired man at the disordered desk in the corner?"

"Oh, that's Old Joggins. He doesn't fit in very well with the rest of the office, but I have to keep him around. He's the only employee who can find important papers when I want them in a hurry."—Mt. Airy World.



Deaf Do Not Favor This Paternal Proposition

Springfield, Ill., March 5—It is said that a local organization is going to put up a strong fight in opposition to a bill recently introduced in the house of representatives of the legislature by Representative Rentchler, of Belleville and in the senate by Senator Abt, and which is known as the "Mute's Aid Bill."

The bill provides that the director of labor shall appoint a competent person who shall devote his time to the special work of collecting statistics concerning the labor of deaf persons, ascertain what trades or occupations are best suited for them and to aid them in securing employment, such as they may be fitted to engage in. The appointed person shall make and keep a census of deaf people and obtain all available information and statistics as to their employment, with a view to betterment of their industrial conditions. The bill also appropriates \$7,000 to defray the necessary expenses of the work. It was referred to the appropriations committee and will be considered some time in the near future.

The main objections to the bill, according to various members of the opposing organization, are that it will censor their taste for employment and may limit the fields in which they may engage. One person, for instance, is employed by the city of Springfield at street sweeping. He is deaf and the bill may, according to members of the organization, result in prohibiting him from working in the streets because of alleged danger to him because of his deafness.—Ill. Advance.

Perhaps a rose by some other name would smell as sweet.



A Deaf-Mute and Blind Man Conversing

For a time I was employed in a private sanatorium and while there I noticed two men who were very fond of each other, but had no means

of communication whatever, one being deaf-mute, the other having become blind by accident some time after having made the mute's acquaintance. I was called on several times to transmit messages between them, which led to the following idea: I purchased two telegraph keys, a sounder and a small green electric bulb, and wired them in the same way as two sounders, the deaf-mute using the light and the blind man the sounder. Both being very intelligent men, they soon learned the Morse code and made very rapid progress; in fact they became nearly expert telegraphers and were both very much delighted with the result of the idea—Joseph C. Lackmann, Philadelphia, Pa., in Popular Mechanics.

Here in our School, where both the deaf and the blind are educated, it is no uncommon thing to see a deaf boy and a blind boy conversing, and the method is much simpler than that of the telegraph keys and electric bulb. The blind boy simply spells on his fingers what he has to say to the deaf boy, and the latter replies in the same way, the blind boy feeling the letters as they are spelled. This is the method first made use of in teaching children who are both deaf and blind.—Virginia Guide.

The principles and guests were quietly driven to the home of the bride's brother where an elaborate wedding dinner was served.—L. P. F. Exchange.

We always did believe in driving principles home.



Persecution of the Newspaper Fraternity

Some mean boy played a joke on the dark-haired reporter by putting a piece of limberger cheese in his front coat pocket. When he discovered it, he "scrubbed" the pocket with perfumed soap and water.—Among the Boys in the Ohio Chronicle.

All of us newspaper people have to get used to that sort of thing and worse. Uneasy rests the head that wears a pencil back of the ear.



A Spring Poem

Sunshine and birds,
Top-coat aside.
"Ker-choo!" last words
Just as he died.



Obscurity

Sweet are the uses of obscurity
Which, spite of limelight, kodak, dictograph,
Muck-rake and scoop, the hungry yellow press,
Still lets one live, exempt from public hunt,
From tongues at teas, from who's-who books
and such,
To go about his business like a man.—M. S. in Judge.

The Arkansas Optic

Published by the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute, a Free School for the Deaf Children of Arkansas.

VOL. XXV. LITTLE ROCK, ARK., FEB. 28, 1916. NO. 18.

THE ARKANSAS OPTIC

BY FRED RABY RABY

THE HOME-COMING OF FRED HALL

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